OCTOBER 17, 1983 $1.75

TIME

INSIDE NICARAGUA
A Revolution Under Fire

AMERICA'S OLYMPICS

A Gold Medal for Los Angeles?

Organizer
Peter Ueberroth

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OCTOBER 17, 1983 Vol. 122 No. 17 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

This week's cover story looks at the enormous effort by a group of Southern California businessmen to organize the financing, the facilities and the logistics of the third summer Olympic Games to be held in the U.S. Written by Associate Editor Tom Callahan, the story was largely reported by Correspondent Steven Holmes, who spent three weeks talking with those who have the responsibility of making Los Angeles a comfortable locale for 10,000 athletes and hundreds of thousands of spectators next summer—and of ensuring that Los Angeles does not go broke in the process.

RAUL VEGA

Holmes interviewing L.A.O.O.C. President Ueberroth

Holmes has had a keen interest in sports since his student days at Mount Vernon (N.Y.) High School, alma mater of such athletes as baseball's Ken Singleton and basketball's Ray Williams and Gus Williams. Holmes was an outfielder on the school's baseball team, but early on ("I was good field, no hit") he decided that journalism might be better suited to his talents. After graduation from City College of New York and the Michele Clark Fellowship Program for Minority Journalists, he got a job as a reporter at the Yonkers (N.Y.) *Herald Statesman*, then moved on to U.P.I. in Dallas and the Atlanta *Constitution*. He has spent the past 4½ years in TIME's Chicago and Los Angeles bureaus.

For the cover assignment, Holmes interviewed members of the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee (L.A.O.O.C.), including its president, Peter Ueberroth, government officials, law enforcement officers, athletes and representatives from the U.S. Olympic Committee. He also visited a dozen sites in and around the city where the athletes will compete. "I was impressed by the complexity of planning an Olympics," he says, "and also by the dedication displayed by those who are putting on the Games. It is a phenomenon that changes people. This was mentioned time and time again by those involved in the Olympic effort: a security planning chief who can't conceive of going back to being a police division commander, the L.A.O.O.C. head of personnel who doesn't want to return to punching a corporation clock, even the receptionist who is unhappy at the thought of teaching school again. If they can put on the largest Olympic Games ever held, they say, how can they ever return to mundane jobs?"

John a. Meyer

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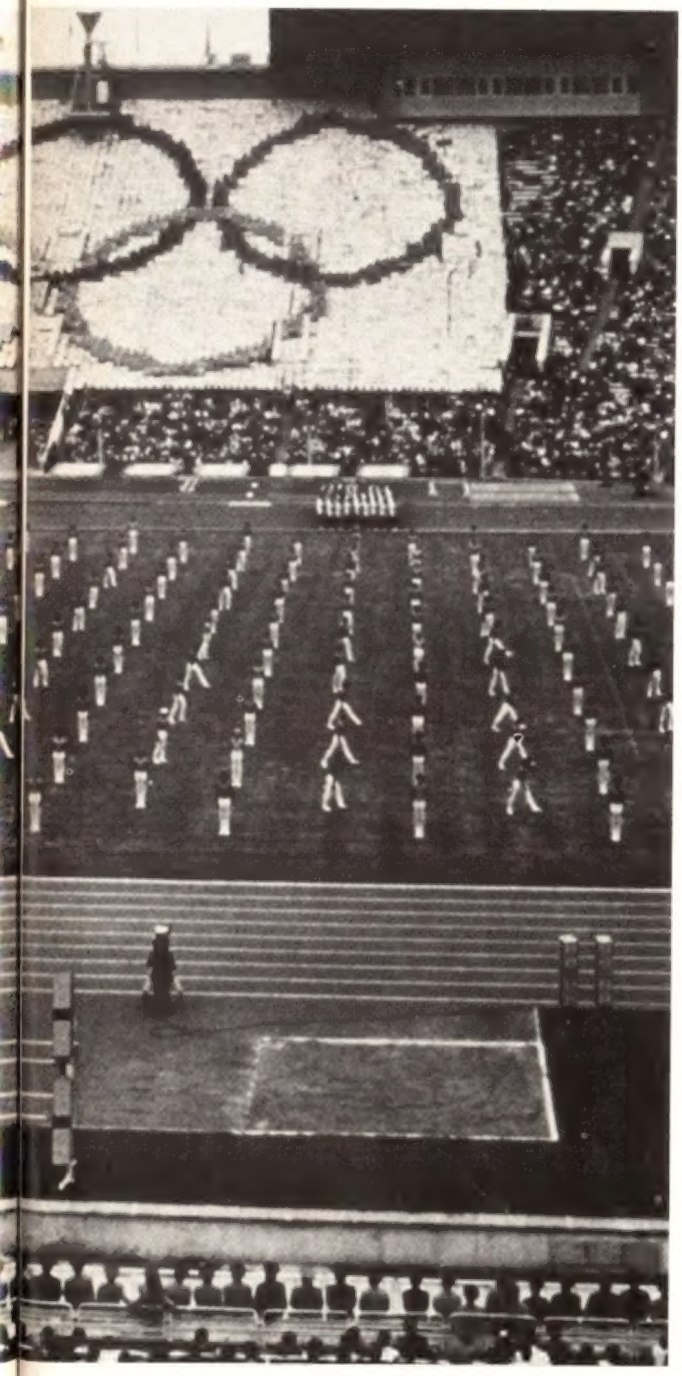

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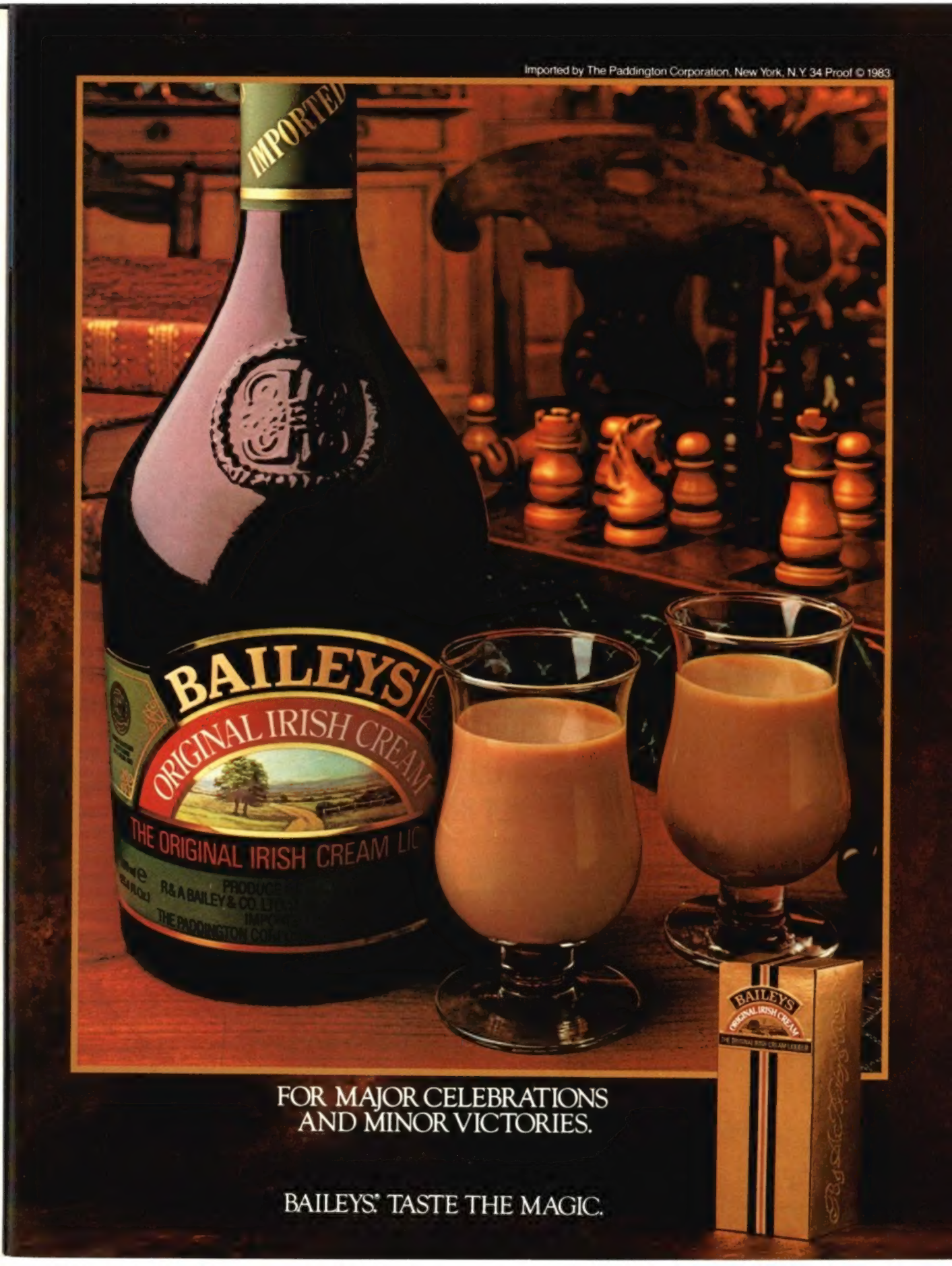
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Letters

China After Mao

To the Editors:

I admired Theodore H. White's frankness and vividness in describing the events in China both present and past [Sept. 26]. I am of Taiwanese background and was reared on propaganda against China. After I came to the U.S., I perceived the difference between reality and hyperbole. Nevertheless, the pride of Taiwan equals the pride of mainland China. Taiwan should be left alone.

Amy Lai
Amherst, Ohio

White's extraordinary article on China is like the exquisite Oriental vases I often associate with that country: massive, colorful, delicate yet powerfully poignant.

Jacqueline Scapin
Paris

The report on China was fascinating. It is obvious that America and the world cannot ignore this "sleeping giant."

Scott Golding
Austin

The Cultural Revolution and Mao's earlier blunders were not China's whole revolutionary experience, as White seems to suggest. Nor should the downfall of the Gang of Four be interpreted to mean that the revolution has burned out. And further, it is wrong to imply that an industrialized China may not work to the world's good. Have we no ideas for working in harmony with developing economies? Anyone who has properly analyzed recent changes inside China must conclude that its socialist system is there to stay. China has developed into a state ordered by Marxist-Leninist-Maoist thought. Please do not try to sell China to the American people by suggesting otherwise.

Robin A. Ball
Leeds, England

Kudos to Theodore White for his touching yet analytical portrait of China in transition. I recently returned from a

WINE & FOOD

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In our home, we enjoy Cabernet with a wide variety of foods. One I'm especially fond of is our own *Eagle Ranch Roast*, a wine country dish developed by my wife Vicki. Generously seasoned with olive oil, garlic and rosemary, this complex layering of flavors would overpower a wine of lesser body and character.

If you would enjoy sampling some of Vicki's recipes and learning more about wine, please write to the address below for your free brochure, "Wine and Food: Cabernet Sauvignon" a collection of family favorites uniquely compatible with this King of California Wines.

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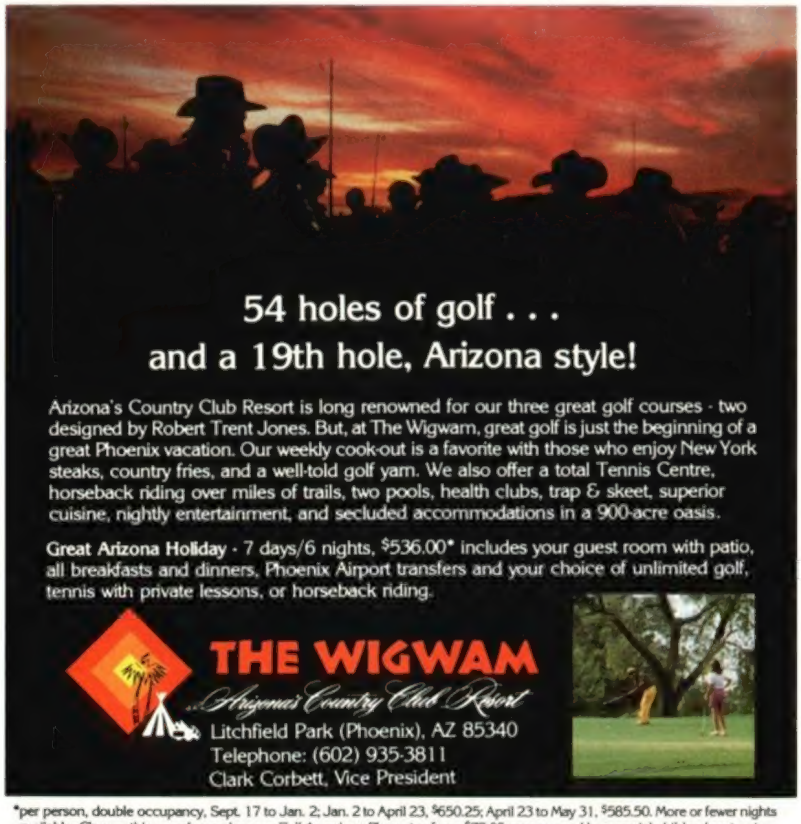

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Letters

visit to the homeland that I had never seen. Although its proliferating population remains China's greatest obstacle to modernization, I agree with White that human envy and appetite are potentially equally dangerous perils. While walking down a bustling Shanghai boulevard, I encountered a swarm of people surrounding a street merchant. What was the object of everyone's smiling fascination? A Rubik's Cube.

The Chinese people have followed an austere life-style for so long that their desire for such items is hardly a surprise. Yet if Deng Xiaoping is to succeed in his Four Modernizations, he may have to suppress consumerism. The task of industrial progress will require that China's limited exchange be spent wisely. Rubik's Cubes, and similar products, may be the wrench in the cogs of China's revitalization.

Peter C. Ho
New Haven, Conn.

White's article presents Mao as a devilish dictator who would kill millions to enhance his power. Mao is worse. He is in the same class as Hitler. The Chinese would be wise to scrap his thoughts entirely if they wish to achieve peace and move ahead economically. The U.S., on the other hand, would benefit from helping China to modernize. When China's economic standards reach those of the West, there is a chance that the Chinese may discard the Communist system and become a major force in the free world.

Owen M. Lin
Alhambra, Calif.

West German Activists

I want to respond to the West German who protested the deployment of U.S. missiles abroad [Sept. 26] by saying "We want to liberate ourselves." I am all for that. It is time the West Germans foot the bill for their own defense and quit draining the American economy. We have spent billions of dollars giving them "protection" they apparently do not want.

John C. Smolinski
Grand Canyon, Ariz.

The Reagan Administration's loose talk about winnable, limited nuclear war has set the stage for deteriorating relations with West Germany. Behind the West Germans' "antimissile" protest lie widespread distrust and resentment. The U.S. must reassess and reshape its alliance with its German ally.

Paul Monaco
Dallas

Whose Abortion?

Your story on men and their desire to be involved in their partners' decision to have abortions [Sept. 26] is ludicrous. In the old days, when a woman found herself with an unwanted pregnancy, the attitude was "It's her problem!" followed usually

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Letters

with a "Heh, heh, heh!" Now that women have an alternative, men suddenly want to have a say.

Judith Schumacher
Columbus, Ohio

I was saddened to read the comments of Louise Tyrer of Planned Parenthood against men's having a say in a woman's decision to abort a pregnancy. Tyrer has confused male involvement with male control. After counseling nearly 2,500 men whose partners were abortion patients, I found that the vast majority do not want to take away their wives' or lovers' power to decide the future of a pregnancy, but instead want recognition and respect as concerned partners.

Peter Zelles
Director, Men's Counseling Program
Midwest Health Center for Women
Minneapolis

If more men were encouraged to participate in counseling with their partners, there would be more advocates for better and safer contraceptives, ideally for men, and wiser family planning.

Pamela McDermott
Flagler Beach, Fla.

The conclusion of your abortion article is absurd. It does take two to make a pregnancy. But contrary to the view you present, both parties are not necessarily involved with the result. The male, who does not become pregnant, has many choices and may choose to walk away from the situation. Obviously a woman cannot. Men should never be in on the decision to have an abortion; that should *always* be the prerogative of the woman.

Martha Clayton Skeeters
Norman, Okla.

Saving Baby Doe

The refusal of parents and doctors to treat severely handicapped babies [Sept. 26] is morally wrong. In spite of their physical or mental retardation, abnormal infants possess a God-given right to live. The intrinsic moral worth, dignity and value of these children should be respected.

Haven Bradford Gow
Arlington Heights, Ill.

Doctors who protest the intrusiveness of the federal Baby Doe rule, which forbids withholding treatment or nourishment from badly handicapped infants, are hypocritical. These same physicians do not complain about the intrusiveness of the Government when it comes to Medicare and Medicaid programs.

Sandy A. White
Annandale, Va.

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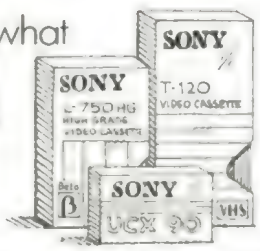

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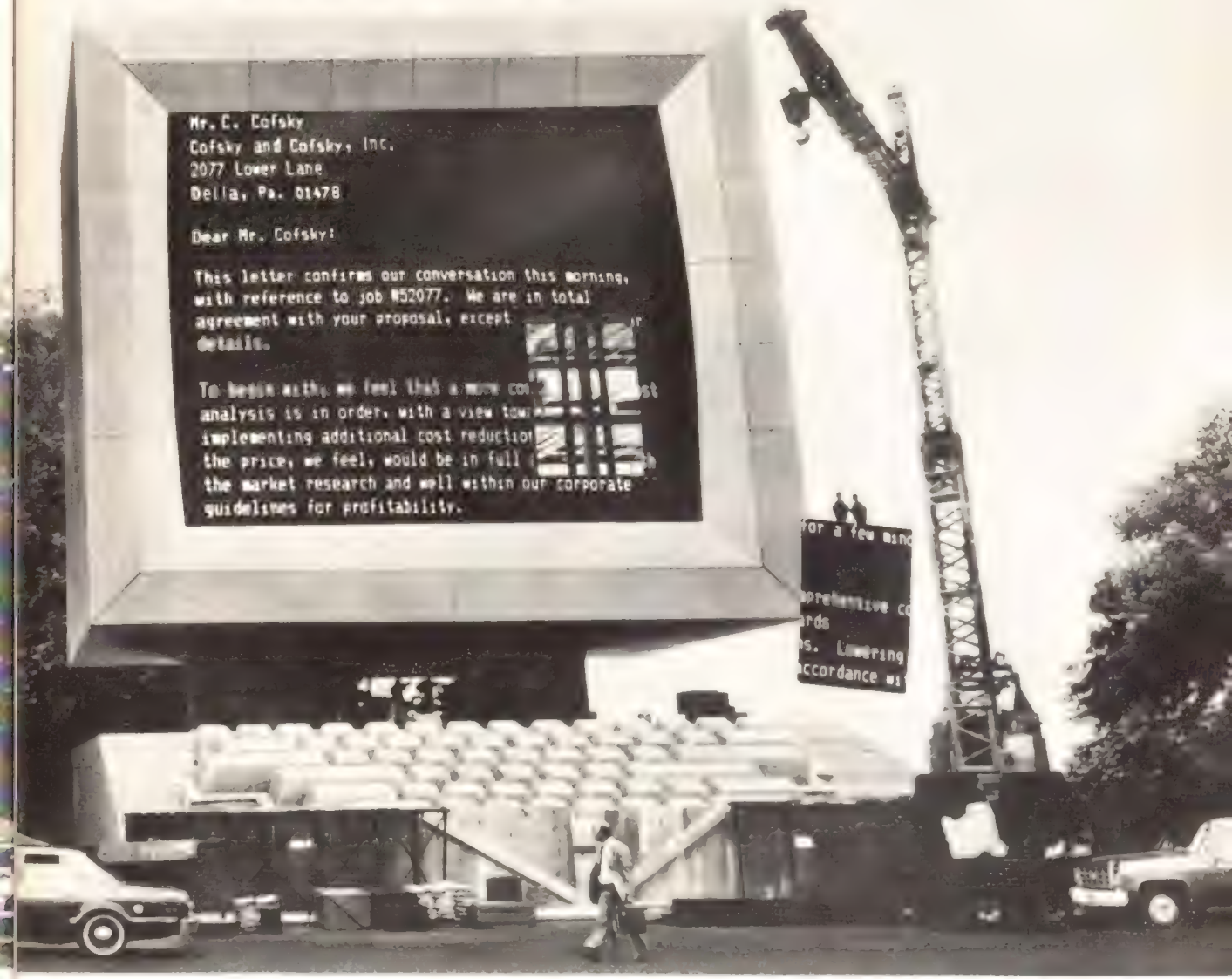

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In New York: The Miss Is a Hit

"I'm so tired. I'm so tired of smiling."
—Miss Kentucky 1936

It was one of those clear days with a high sky and the tease of a cool front coming through, the kind of day that falsely moves the elderly to wrap up like Admiral Byrd. Autumn was nigh, and with its approach had come a metronomic ritual of this time of year: the crowning of a fresh Miss America. The pageant had taken place in Atlantic City, as always, and then Miss America had traveled to New York City, as always. On this splendid day, bearing baggage filled with finery, she had checked into the Plaza, the starting block on a twelve-month run.

Right off, Vanessa Williams, the 56th Miss America and the first black, was subjected to considerably more attention than Miss Americas in the recent past. The press, perpetually smitten by a "first" in anything, had in hand another Sally Ride, so to speak—a barrier breaker. Absent now were the questions about the "ideal man." Hell, this was political! Williams, in turn, showed the inquisitors that "First Women" these days come with a sting. "I was chosen because I was qualified for the position," she said. "The fact that I was black was not a factor." She took her leave then and went about her business, the business of being Miss America.

For this, the first week, that arrangement meant answering mostly obvious questions. David Letterman asked her how many contestants were in the pageant, and Williams replied 50, as any of 45 million television viewers who saw the pageant could have told him. At a radio station, she was asked whether she was close to the other contestants, and she said it was difficult "to get close to 49 other women in one week." Having said that, she got into an elevator with a local newspaper reporter who asked whether she had acquired a fur. "Yes," said Miss America. "We got it at a wholesale house. It's a dyed mink with a fox collar."

The reporter then identified herself as a member of Friends of Animals. The subject was dropped. After coronation, the snipers come out.

The Miss America pageant has been around so long now that the hoopla usually subsides after a day or two, and Miss America is largely forgotten—unless she shows up in your town—till she crowns her successor the following fall. This Miss America was besieged for days, however, and she thought with good reason that it was probably because she was black, as well as frank, not because, as she would have it so, that she was being recognized for her talent. After all, her talent, singing and dancing, had got her this far, and now her color seemed to be at the heart of everything.

The police officer may be unimpressed, but not the fan getting a Vanessa Williams autograph

To Williams, 20 and a Syracuse University student, being Miss America was a practical proposition. She wanted the scholarship money ($25,000), and she wanted the exposure. She wants to be a star. She says until this year she had not given a thought to competing in the pageant. But the executive director of the Miss America Greater Syracuse pageant put the bee in her bonnet, explaining the benefits, and off she went, becoming Miss Greater Syracuse, Miss New York and, ultimately, Miss America, who now, upon leaving David Letterman's studio at NBC, received a hand-delivered letter from the William Morris Agency proposing representation. Back at the Plaza, there was another hand-delivered letter from David Merrick, the producer, proposing a discussion of her stage career. (No one uses stamps in this town any more.) Things seemed to be going Williams' way.

This first round of offers appears to come with the territory if a Miss America expresses thespian designs. With the exception of Bess Myerson (1945), winners seem to find sustaining a career in the public eye more difficult than gaining the title. Rosemary LaPlanche (1941) is not much remembered today, though she made 84 movies, including *Strangler of the Swamp* and *Devil Bat's Daughter*. Lee Meriwether (1955) has had roles enough, but her name has failed to attain the tip of the national tongue. Mary Ann Mobley (1959) made those Elvis Presley films, and has had trouble shaking the image ever since. Mobley's runner-up, Anita Bryant, is another story altogether.

None of these histories is lost on the present Miss America, who says she has always been ambitious and driven, and no one more than she knows the risks. "I am sacrificing a year," she says, sounding fully aware. The tone of self-confidence brings back other voices that sounded that way at the beginning and sounded different at the end. "I wanted to get into show business," said Venus Ramey (1944). "I thought the contest would be a good entrée. It is, all right: an entrée into oblivion."

The yearlong reign is not much fun, according to many a former winner. You address Rotarians, Lions, Kiwanians, Junior Leaguers, and you appear at Miss America preliminaries. Here a blueberry festival, there a strawberry festival, and the odd hog-calling contest comes into the picture too. And you represent the sponsors of the pageant. This year that would be Gillette, American Greetings Corp., McDonald's and Nestlé. Jacque Mercer (1949) once told an interviewer: "You could take an orangutan, and, with a year's training, it would be a perfectly adequate Miss America."

Yolande Betbeze (1951) recalled to Miss America Chronicler Frank Deford just how silly the year could become. She was sent to Paris with a vial of water from the Hudson River. To symbolize Franco-American friendship, she was to pour it into the Seine. She remembered that "all the damn water ran out of the vial on the plane over, and I had to refill it with water from the faucet in my hotel."

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Well, so much for spilled milk. Vanessa Williams thinks this achievement will give her a leg up in the career of her choice, and who is to say it will not? Next to her picture in the high school yearbook, it says, "See you on Broadway." On Friday, her last day in the city, she had already got as close to it as Rockefeller Center, where she was posing for an official photograph. There was some discussion over whether her dress was tomato colored or Chinese red, but nonetheless it was decided that it blended well with a spray of chrysanthemums that was used as background.

In a corner, Eleanor Ross, one of two traveling companions provided by the pageant, was expressing mild astonishment at the size of Miss America's bill back at the Plaza. When she learned that morning it was $265 a night, excluding tax, she thought it was $265 for both her single room and Williams' single room. Informed it was $265 *each*, she gasped.

When you're Miss America, the sky's the limit

On Friday afternoon, Miss America had her hair done. On Friday evening, she packed. Dresses made from material that cost $120 a yard went into this bag or that. She said she thought the pace was slowing, and that she had prayed it would. She was asked whether she had thought about spending the next four seasons trying to forswear a right held dear by commoners everywhere: the right to appear in public wearing a frown.

Showing teeth a dentist would adore, she said, "It makes me; people are delighted to see me. It snaps my energy, becoming a celebrity overnight, having people be thrilled to see me would remedy a down feeling, I think."

And then they were off, flying People Express out of Newark, headed north to Portland, Me., two passengers on a no-frills flight, dragging along a crown. —*By Gregory Jaynes*

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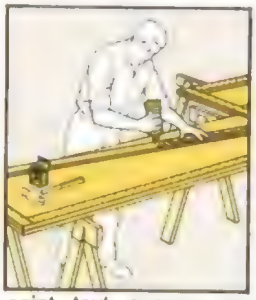

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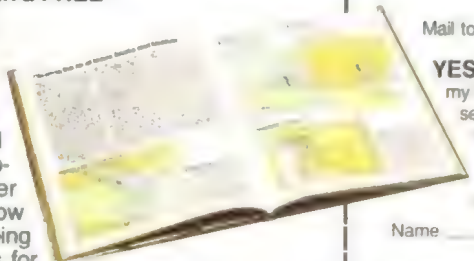

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TIME/OCTOBER 17, 1983

Negotiating a Build-Down

Washington works out an arms-control agreement—with itself

After months of arduous negotiations, an agreement on Strategic Arms Reduction Talks (START) was finally reached. All the parties involved at last accepted a radical new "double build-down" plan that would reduce the total destructive capabilities of the Soviet and American strategic arsenals as well as cut the number of warheads on each side's long-range missiles. Amid the fanfare and self-congratulations at the Rose Garden ceremony marking the agreement, it was easy to forget that the tough bargaining had taken place entirely within Washington, and that there was no sign at all that what had been worked out between the White House and Capitol Hill would be accepted by the Kremlin.

Indeed, the Treaty of Pennsylvania Avenue seemed to have followed Alice through the looking glass. Usually the White House sets U.S. arms-control policy and tries to get Congress to go along. This time President Reagan let a group of Congressmen take the lead in fashioning an imaginative initiative of their own. Even if Moscow spurns the new proposal, the unprecedented way that it evolved has changed the nature of the domestic debate over nuclear arms. "We have been able to get the Administration to adopt an arms-control approach that is genuinely bipartisan and will provide a consistent, sustainable basis for the next Administration, whatever it is, Democratic or Republican," said Congressman Les Aspin of Wisconsin, a liberal Democrat.

Reagan was amply rewarded for not standing on presidential prerogative. In the first place, he secured congressional backing for the MX missile. He is also able to present Moscow with a START proposal that enjoys strong bipartisan support. Said Kenneth Duberstein, the presidential assistant who helped to put the package together: "It gives a signal to the Soviets that we are united." Not least of all, Reagan may have been able to dispel his image as an inflexible hard-liner and defuse the arms-control issue before the 1984 elections. Said one of his senior advisers: "This is what we should have been doing a year ago."

The double build-down plan still includes Reagan's original START proposal that both the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. reduce from approximately 8,500 apiece to 5,000 the number of warheads they have deployed atop long-range missiles. It incorporates the novel proposal that both sides destroy more than one old weapon for each new one deployed as they modernize their forces. Reflected too is the idea that certain weapons are more threatening, or "destabilizing," and should be discouraged. For example, large land-based missiles that carry multiple warheads have the capacity to destroy enemy missiles in a pre-emptive strike and are more susceptible to being destroyed by a first strike. Since both sides know that they may have to use such missiles first if they are to use them at all, they encourage hair-trigger reactions. In addition, the new proposal meets the Soviet desire that bombers, in which the U.S. enjoys a strategic advantage, be simultaneously placed on the negotiating table in Geneva with land-based missiles. A complex formula has been devised to measure each country's nuclear firepower on missiles, submarines and planes *(see box)*.

DIANA WALKER

Senators Nunn and Cohen after meeting with Reagan on START

"You need this to get the MX," Cohen told the Administration.

The build-down idea began to take shape last January when Maine Republican Senator William Cohen wrote an article in the Washington *Post* suggesting that any new arms-control agreement include the build-down proposal. A few days later, Cohen got a call from the President. "I like the concept," Reagan said. "I hope we can make it work." Other Administration officials were far more skeptical. They argued that reducing the number of nuclear missiles does not necessarily lead to greater stability, and they objected to mixing bombers in the same negotiating pot with ballistic missiles. But Cohen had an important hole card: if he could persuade a core group of moderate Senators to join with him, they could block the funding for the new MX missile.

Cohen was able to enlist Democrat Sam Nunn of Georgia, who is respected for his knowledge of defense issues, and Republican Charles Percy of Illinois, the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. When Reagan's chief arms-control negotiator, Edward Rowny, protested to Cohen that build-down would only complicate matters in Geneva, the Senator asked: "How about no MX?" Replied Rowny: "I need the MX to get a treaty." Said Cohen: "You need build-down to get the MX."

A group of House Democrats led by Aspin, Albert Gore of Tennessee and Norman Dicks of Washington was urging that the U.S. shift away from large, MIRVed missiles and instead deploy mobile ones with single warheads, like the proposed Midgetman. This had been recommended by Reagan's bipartisan panel on nuclear strategy chaired by Lieut. General Brent Scowcroft, which had nevertheless favored emplacing a limited number of MX missiles while the Midgetman was being developed.

The Soviet attack on Korean Air Lines Flight 007 caused hard-liners within the Administration to suggest stonewalling Congress. Ronald Lehman, the chief arms-control expert on the National Security Council, argued to the President that the anti-Soviet sentiments aroused would make it possible to pass the MX in the Senate without any concessions on build-down. He was supported by Rowny and Kenneth Adelman, the head of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. But Duberstein kept the pressure on to continue to seek an accord with both groups in Congress.

Flying to Seattle Sept. 7 for the funeral of Washington Senator Henry Jackson, Nunn and Cohen assessed the objectives of arms-control activists in both houses of Congress. Their House colleagues had been emphasizing different approaches, and the Administration had played both sides off against each other. Over the next

The President sends Rowny off to Geneva with his new instructions as Adelman watches

two weeks, Nunn, Cohen and Percy joined forces with Aspin (who had plugged double build-down in a letter to Scowcroft in August), Dicks and Gore in the House, forming what became known as "the Gang of Six." The group agreed on a set of principles, including a commitment to less vulnerable missiles and to some formula for reducing total nuclear destructive capacity.

Scowcroft played honest broker between the Gang of Six and the White House. He worked closely with R. James Woolsey, a Democrat and a key member of the Scowcroft Commission, who was Under Secretary of the Navy for Jimmy Carter. Glenn Kent, retired Air Force officer and nuclear-weapons specialist at the Rand Corp., was brought in to translate arms-control goals and principles into computable figures.

Kent came up with a new unit called Standard Weapon Station (SWS) to calculate the destructive capability of bombs and missiles on each side, giving added weight to weapons that are particularly destabilizing. It is an ingenious, though dauntingly complex common denominator for Senators who want a mutual build-down, House members who want a shift toward mobile missiles, Administration officials who want the chance to upgrade U.S. forces, and Kremlin leaders who want to negotiate all strategic systems at one time. Proponents suggested that the build-down be stretched out until 1996 to give both sides time to make orderly reductions as they modernize weapons systems.

Karpov's turn

The NSC met on Sept. 29 to consider the evolving plan. "I am prepared to accept this," the President declared over Rowny's strong objections. But when Clark and other White House aides went to Percy's office the following day, a Friday, they met resistance from the Senate side of the Gang of Six. Clark's presentation was sloppy, and Lehman kept launching into long editorials about the President's flexibility. "This thing is full of waffle words," Cohen said of the draft document. "We can't satisfy this guy," complained Clark. "Not with something like this," the Senator shot back. Scowcroft and Nunn, however, saw that they were on the verge of an agreement. "We can do a better job," said Scowcroft. "Let's take it up tomorrow."

After a series of weekend meetings and phone calls, the differences had been narrowed to a few words. The Gang of Six met with Scowcroft in Cohen's Senate office Monday morning and moved to the White House Situation Room that afternoon. The main sticking point: the White House had proposed saying that the President would "explore" reducing American nuclear arsenals aboard planes and

submarines if the Soviets would make corresponding cuts in their land-based missile forces. Cohen, who has a poet's fascination with words, insisted that he "seek" such a trade-off. Reagan, who had been briefed on the dispute, joined the group. "That's exactly what I plan to do," he said. "We all agree. It's just a matter of how to say it." Cohen, now convinced that the President was sincere in supporting the new approach, backed off. Lehman suggested that they use the word "negotiate." A fact sheet was released publicly that included the phrase "The U.S. delegation will be prepared to . . . negotiate trade-offs."

Another major concession, made despite Rowny's opposition, was the inclusion of Woolsey as an "at large" member of the START delegation. He is expected to be Congress's watchdog. "If Ed Rowny came back and said double build-down won't fly, I wouldn't believe him," said Aspin. "But I trust Jim Woolsey to give it a real try."

Reagan invited the top House and Senate leadership to the White House Roosevelt Room on Tuesday to be briefed on the plan their colleagues had helped frame. The President gave an emotional pitch for arms control, saying that he could remember when wars used to be fought only among armies. "Now people talk about wiping out civilian populations," he said. "Doesn't that alone argue for eliminating nuclear weapons?" For the first time in any such meeting with Reagan, the congressional leaders gave him a standing ovation. When he went out into the Rose Garden to announce the plan publicly, Reagan made clear the flexibility of the proposal he was endorsing. Said he: "There will have to be trade-offs, and the U.S. is prepared to make them so long as they result in a more stable balance of forces."

This, of course, does not mean that Rowny's Soviet counterpart, Victor Karpov, will be prepared to make the trade-offs, especially those envisioned by the U.S. The Soviets have already presented their own START plan, which builds on the unratified SALT II agreement. The build-down approach represents a radical departure in the SALT-START process, and it is likely to upset their yearning for consistency. In addition, the new U.S. initiative would still require a major reduction in the weapons the Soviets prize most, their land-based ballistic missiles.

Perhaps as important, the Soviets are currently more concerned about the Intermediate-range Nuclear Forces (INF) talks, also under way in Geneva, which seek to control medium-range missiles based in Europe. If there is no progress on this front and NATO proceeds with its planned deployment this December of U.S. Pershing II and cruise missiles, the Soviets have promised to "reassess" (translation: become even more hard-line) their position at the START negotiations.

The overall atmosphere between Washington and Moscow is so poisonous in the wake of the Korean Air Lines incident that little immediate progress is possible in Geneva. But by agreeing to an imaginative new initiative, Reagan has shown that he now believes arms control is too important to be linked to other problems the two superpowers may have. In addition, he has shown that even if he cannot deal effectively with the Kremlin on the issue, he can still do business with Congress. And that might make the Kremlin realize that it will have to do business with him. ***—By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Douglas Brew and Strobe Talbott/Washington***

Standard Weapon Stations (SWSs) measure the total destructive capability of nuclear weapons. Here is the current status of the U.S. and Soviet arsenals, along with how they might look in twelve years under a build-down plan.

U.S. IN 1984		SWSs
ICBMs		
45	Titan II	342
450	Minuteman II	573
550	Minuteman III	1,650
SLBMs		
264	Trident C-4	2,112
304	Poseidon C-3	4,256
Bombers		
375	B-52	3,734
199	B-52 with cruise	3,980
60	FB-111	240
Total		**16,887**

HYPOTHETICAL DEPLOYMENT IN 1996		SWSs
ICBMs		
100	MX	1,000
500	Midgetman	500
SLBMs		
432	Trident C-4	3,456
Bombers		
50	B-52	500
100	B-1 with cruise	2,000
125	Stealth	1,000
Total		**8,456**

USSR IN 1984		SWSs
ICBMs		
308	SS-18	6,314
360	SS-19	3,240
730	SS-11,13,17	1,763
SLBMs		
940	SS-N-6,8,18,20	2,715
Bombers		
350		2,295
Total		**16,327**

HYPOTHETICAL DEPLOYMENT IN 1996		SWSs
ICBMs		
300	SS-18	6,150
SLBMs / Bombers		2,350
Total		**8,500**

The information was prepared by Rand Analyst Glenn Kent for congressional leaders. The hypothetical deployments are intended only as an illustration of what would be permissible for each side and are not supposed to represent likely deployments. Current bomber figures for the U.S. include 309 retired B-52s counted in SALT

TIME Chart by Joe Lertola

Crunching the Numbers

Part of the beauty of the original "build-down" approach was that it promised to be simple. But months of tinkering by various experts and Congressmen added a wide variety of refinements that make build-down as complicated as a Chinese menu—or perhaps a menu in Chinese.

Under the proposal, the U.S. and U.S.S.R. would have to reduce their overall nuclear arsenals by 45% by 1996. The key to the plan is a new unit of destructive power called Standard Weapons Station (SWS), which was developed by retired Air Force Lieut. General Glenn Kent. In its simplest form, an SWS represents a warhead atop a ballistic missile, a bomb on a plane, a self-propelled cruise missile. Kent's plan includes complex formulas so that oversize warheads count extra. So do multiple warheads that are clustered on top of missiles with particularly powerful lifting capability, known as "throw-weight." The details are still being honed in Washington and would be negotiable with the Soviets.

As it is, the SWS calculus is a head-snapper. For example, the SWS's assigned to a bomber would be its total takeoff weight divided by a "K" factor. The K factor for a plane carrying cruise missiles would yield a greater SWS total than the K factor for an identical plane carrying bombs, which are viewed as less lethal. The K factor for land-based missiles takes into account the size and number of warheads. Thus the MX missile, with ten warheads, could count as ten SWS's—but the Soviet SS-18, which also has ten warheads, would equal 20.5 SWS's, because it has larger warheads and more throw-weight.

The U.S. and U.S.S.R. now have about 16,000 SWS's. To help it get down to 8,500 SWS's by 1996, the U.S. could replace its current 1,045 land-based missiles (2,565 SWS's) with 100 MX missiles (1,000 SWS's) and 500 single-warhead Midgetman missiles (another 500 SWS's). The Soviets could, if they wanted, keep 300 of their SS-18 missiles (6,150 SWS's) and fill the remainder of their quota with bombers and sea-launched missiles. But the goal is to penalize retention of such large weapons and move the Soviet Union—and the U.S.—to more stabilizing systems.

Playing Politics with Immigration

With an eye to 1984, O'Neill scotches a compromise bill

The real news came almost as an afterthought. House Speaker Tip O'Neill was winding down a routine press conference last week when he offhandedly announced that he would block a sweeping reform of the immigration laws from even reaching a vote. "The Hispanics," O'Neill declared, "have said that it's the worst thing that has ever confronted them."

Thus, without even consulting other Democratic leaders in the House, O'Neill derailed a compromise bill that was designed to stem the flow of illegal immigrants, while giving amnesty to most of those already here. Cosponsored by Republican Senator Alan Simpson of Wyoming and Democratic Congressman Romano Mazzoli of Kentucky, the legislation was the product of seven years of work by a national commission, a presidential task force and half a dozen congressional committees. The need for reform was clear enough: more than a million illegals pour over U.S. borders every year.

But for the intensely partisan Speaker, the immigration bill had a sharp political downside. Hispanic leaders had warned him that its passage would cost the Democrats Hispanic votes in 1984. The Speaker was determined to keep this important bloc happy. Democrats "truly represent the Hispanics of America," he said. "These are the people my party is trying to help."

At the same time, O'Neill tried to blame the Administration for undermining the bill. The White House wanted the Democratic-controlled House to pass it, he asserted, so the President could veto it. That way, Reagan would come across as a hero to Hispanic Americans, and the Democrats as chumps. Was the man in the Oval Office capable of such a cynical trick? "He's the most political man I've seen there," snapped O'Neill.

The notion of a G.O.P. doublecross was first planted in O'Neill's ear by California Congressman Edward Roybal, one of the eleven-member Hispanic caucus. Roybal admits that he first heard it as dinner gossip, but as evidence, he produced a letter from Attorney General William French Smith to the House Judiciary Committee expressing Administration reservations concerning the House version of the bill. Rumors supposedly emanating from the White House also hinted of a presidential veto.

The Administration stoutly denied it. "I'm not trying to set Tip up," Reagan protested to Republican congressional leaders. "We want the immigration bill." Vice President Bush personally delivered the same message to the Speaker. The letter from Smith was described as nothing more than a routine working paper, in effect a bargaining stance for haggling over the bill's particulars. Said the Attorney General: "This in no way amounts to a veto threat." As for the rumors from the White House, they came from a lowly and uninformed aide in the office of Faith Whittlesey, assistant to the President for public liaison.

O'Neill's decision startled his own colleagues among the House leadership, who faulted him for failing to understand the substance of the bill and for buying the veto rumor without consulting them. Asked for an explanation, one leader simply rolled his eyes heavenward. Said House Judiciary Committee Chairman Peter Rodino, an old ally of the Speaker's: "The Attorney General always stated that they'd go along with the Senate bill. I've always read into what they said that a compromise would be acceptable." Indeed, Rodino had already started to negotiate a deal with Senate Sponsor Simpson.

O'Neill dismissed the merits of the immigration bill with a simple political question: "Is there any real constituency for it?" There were enough supporters of the bill, including such diverse leaders as the president of the AFL-CIO and the chairman of Exxon, to win Senate passage twice, the last time by the overwhelming vote of 76 to 18. Ironically, a recent poll shows that even Hispanics favor tighter immigration laws, contrary to the position of their leaders. But support of organized business and labor for the bill has been lukewarm at best. The opposition of various special interests, on the other hand, remains hot.

The most important provision of the legislation is also the most controversial. Since it is the hope of a job that draws most aliens across the border, sponsors of the bill sought to diminish that lure by imposing civil and criminal penalties on employers who knowingly hire illegals. This naturally displeased many farmers in the Southwest, who saw their pool of cheap labor drying up. Hispanic leaders were concerned that employers would fear the penalties so much that they would discriminate not only against illegal Hispanics, but against all Hispanics. The bill sought to distinguish between the two by requiring proof of citizenship—but civil libertarians immediately warned that a "national I.D. card" was a step toward Big Brother. O'Neill echoed these fears with grossly overblown rhetoric. Said he: "Hitler did this to the Jews. He made them wear dog tags."

"The Hispanics have said that it's the worst thing that has ever confronted them."

To be sure, the Administration has qualms about the bill. The House version would cost $11.5 billion over five years, $8 billion more than the Senate bill and too much for the budget cutters at the White House. While the Senate would declare amnesty for illegals who arrived before 1980, the House sponsors wanted to move the cutoff date up to 1982, thereby making millions more immigrants eligible for Government programs.

Despite reservations, however, Administration officials were trying hard at week's end to salvage the bill. The immigration problem is getting steadily worse: in the year ending Sept. 30, border guards seized 2 million illegal aliens, a 40% increase over the previous year. "There is a question about whether the bill is good politics," says a Reagan aide, "but there is no question that it is damn good policy."

Congressional leaders in both parties and both houses are also trying to find a way to undo O'Neill's damage. Even the Speaker is said to be looking for a graceful way to back down. His aides have privately urged the White House to send O'Neill a letter promising not to veto the bill. The hope on all sides is to get the bill up for a vote next year. But the most optimistic concede that the going will be rough: 1984, after all, is a political year. ***—By Evan Thomas. Reported by Neil MacNeil and Ross H. Munro/Washington***

A Woman on the Ticket?

Eventually, the vice presidency will become "the logical next step"

The six Democratic presidential hopefuls who appeared before the annual convention of the National Organization for Women (NOW) early this month may have promised only "to consider" a female running mate. But they stumbled over each other trying to say it with conviction. "I would be proud to run with a woman on either end of the ticket," insisted Colorado Senator Gary Hart. Said Walter Mondale: "I see some contenders in this room."

Indeed, 1984 is being touted as the year when a woman for the first time could conceivably become the vice presidential nominee of a major party. Most political handicappers say the odds are long, but some women have nonetheless made the vice presidency their rallying cry. Says Ann Lewis, political director of the Democratic National Committee (D.N.C.): "They think of this as the logical next step."

Not without good reason. Women now constitute 53% of the nation's voting-age population. In 1980 their turnout rate (59%) caught up with that of men and, for women under 45, surpassed it by 3 points. According to the *American Political Report*, a conservative newsletter, 6 million more women than men are projected to vote in 1984. As important, many voters seem to be warming to the idea of a woman candidate for Vice President. "The party is ready for it," says D.N.C. Director Michael Steed. "What's more, the country is ready for it."

If a woman is on any top ticket in 1984, it is likely to be a Democratic one. There are two-thirds more women Democrats than Republicans, and on galvanizing women's issues, such as the Equal Rights Amendment and abortion, the Democratic Party is usually viewed as more sympathetic. Come convention time, however, there will be countervailing pressure on the nominee to use traditional yardsticks, such as geographical and ideological balance, to select a potential running mate. "It's a no-win situation," comments one D.N.C. official. "If the nominee chooses a woman, he'll be accused of caving in to the activists. If he doesn't, he'll still just be a good ole boy."

Moreover, there are no female Democratic Governors or Senators, two conventional springboards to the vice presidency. Admits Stephanie Solien, executive director of the Women's Campaign Fund: "The pool of women who would make a good candidate is quite small." Herewith, the women most frequently cited on the Democrats' short list:

▸ *Corinne C. ("Lindy") Boggs*, 67. A six-term House veteran from a 45% black New Orleans district, she voted against Reagan's budget cuts and supports a nuclear freeze. She could help Mondale in the South, but her antiabortion record hurts her with many women's groups.

▸ *Dianne Feinstein*, 50. Mayor of San Francisco since 1978, she is an able administrator and a political moderate in a town that does not automatically view that as a virtue. She could win votes in electorally rich California, but her lack of national experience and the fact that she is Jewish might prove political liabilities.*

▸ *Geraldine Ferraro*, 48. A three-term Queens, N.Y., Congresswoman, she is secretary of the House Democratic caucus. She would bring an ethnic and urban balance to, for example, a Glenn candidacy. Says she: "I am from Archie Bunker's district, but Edith elected me."

▸ *Martha Griffiths*, 71. An effective Michigan Congresswoman for 20 years, she has served on the boards of nine corporations. Griffiths was elected Lieutenant Governor in 1982. She has an impeccable record on women's issues, but scores low on geography: Front Runners Glenn and Mondale are also Midwesterners.

▸ *Patricia Schroeder*, 43. An outspoken feminist and a Colorado Congresswoman since 1972, she is a leading member of the House Armed Services Committee. She is given high marks for her knowledge of military issues, but is often perceived as a predictable anti-Pentagon liberal.

Frank Fahrenkopf, chairman of the Republican National Committee, predicts that Republicans will be the first to nominate a woman for President or Vice President because "historically the Republican Party is where women have made the most advances." Indeed, should Ronald Reagan bow out in 1984, putting George Bush in the race for the presidency and leaving the vice presidency open, there are several G.O.P. women with running-mate potential. Not given serious consideration: Reagan's United Nations Ambassador, Jeane Kirkpatrick, a card-carrying Democrat whose hard-liner image is considered a turnoff for many women voters. The possible contenders:

▸ *Elizabeth Hanford Dole*, 47. As Secretary of Transportation, Lawyer Dole was the Administration's first female Cabinet member. Her North Carolina roots could help a Republican in the traditionally Democratic South, but her vice-presidential prospects are complicated by the fact that her husband Senator Robert Dole has his eye on the presidency.

▸ *Nancy Kassebaum*, 51. She is one of the Senate's two women (the other: Republican Paula Hawkins) and scion of Alf Landon, the 1936 G.O.P. presidential nominee. A moderate on economic and social issues, Kassebaum has supported the ERA and legalized abortion.

▸ *Sandra Day O'Connor*, 53. As the first female Supreme Court Justice, she is an obvious prospect because of her visibility. She has a solid record in Arizona electoral politics, but is unlikely to forsake the nation's highest bench for the G.O.P.'s No. 2 spot.

Many women are encouraged simply because the pressure is mounting for a female Vice President. "The talk of a woman on the ticket is very healthy," says Texas State Treasurer Ann Richards. "Whether it actually comes to fruition or not, it serves another purpose." That purpose: to build women's voting strength and give voice to women's issues. Already, about 40 women's rights organizations, representing 15 million women, are engaged in a national nonpartisan voter-registration drive bearing the slogan IT'S A MAN'S WORLD UNLESS WOMEN VOTE. —*By Susan Tifft. Reported by Hays Gorey/Washington, with other bureaus*

*The unpleasant fact: the major parties have never had a Jewish presidential or vice-presidential nominee

Louisiana Congresswoman Lindy Boggs

Dianne Feinstein, top, Geraldine Ferraro

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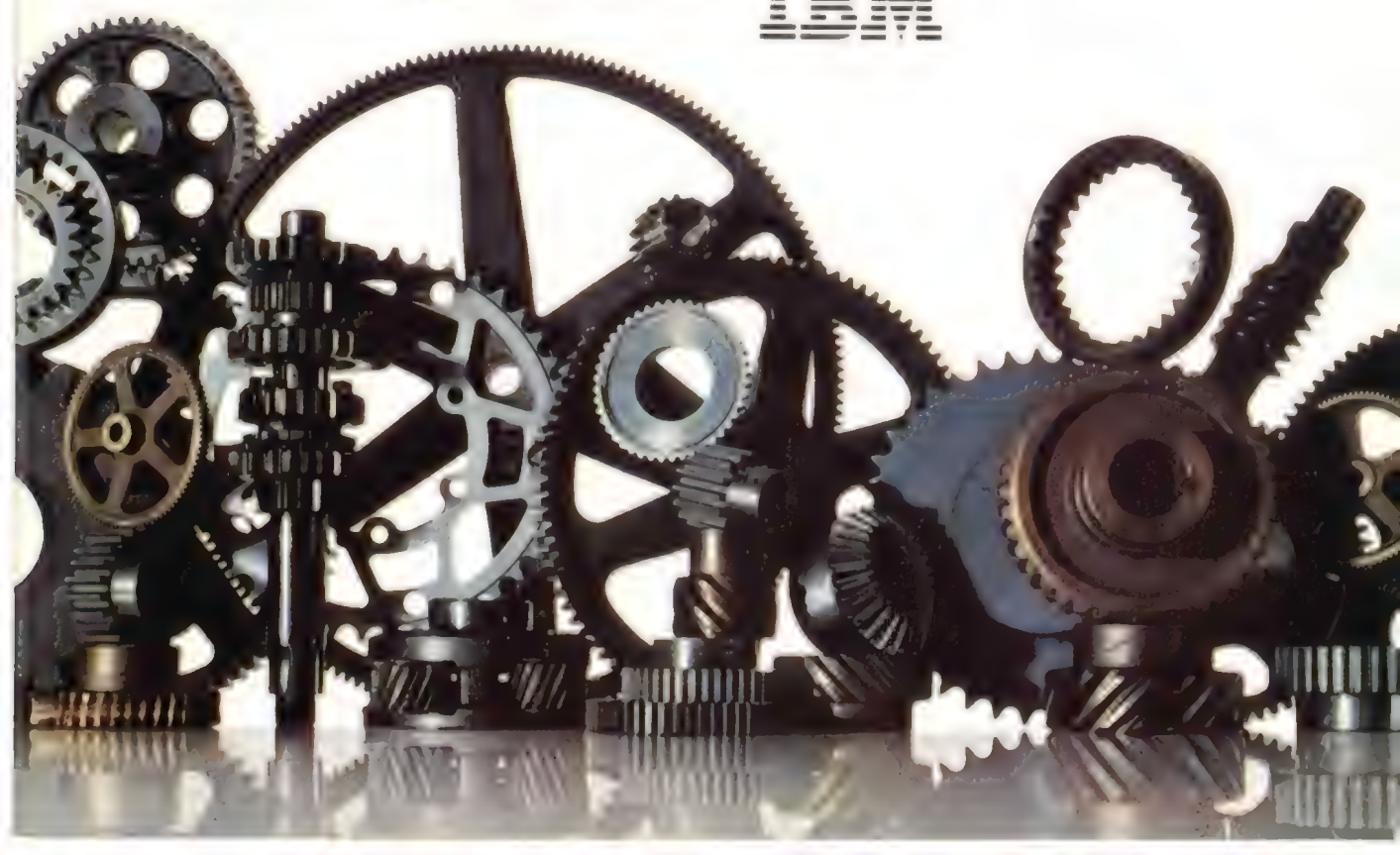


Dimming Watt

Intense pressure to quit

After James Watt took off last week on what his aides insisted was a "long-scheduled" vacation in California, Washington buzzed with this question: Would he ever return as Secretary of the Interior? The answer from Ronald Reagan's White House staff: Probably. But whether it would be for more than a few days was another matter.

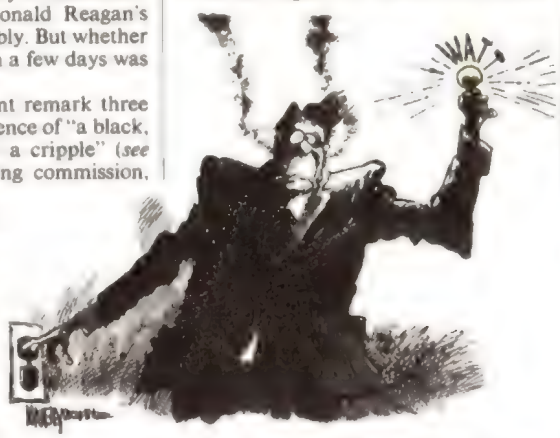
Ever since his flippant remark three weeks ago about the presence of "a black, a woman, two Jews and a cripple" (*see* ESSAY) on his coal-leasing commission, Watt's chances of staying in office have ebbed almost daily. The Secretary long ago alienated the left and center with his policy of opening vast tracts of Government-owned land to commercial exploitation. Now the Republican right fears that he will be a 1984 campaign liability to G.O.P. candidates.

Democrats last week introduced a "sense of the Senate" resolution, to be taken up next week, demanding Watt's ouster. Republican Senators met for their regular weekly lunch and concluded that they, too, wanted Watt out. It had been thought that dismissing Watt would anger Western conservatives, an important constituency for Reagan. But at the lunch, one Western Senator after another reported that the Interior Secretary had lost his popularity among their constituents, and that appeared to decide the matter. Said one Republican later: "He's gone."

In a Senate speech, the G.O.P.'s Slade Gorton of Washington put some of his colleagues' thinking on the record. Gorton called Watt "a failure on his own terms, a destructively divisive force in American society, an albatross around the neck of his own President." The message got through to Watt. After the Republican lunch, Alan Simpson of Wyoming, a close friend of the Interior Secretary's, discussed with Watt what the Senators had said. Simpson quoted Watt as asserting, "I can't believe the viciousness of their remarks."

As late as the end of September, White House aides were predicting that Watt would ride out the storm, then quietly resign in early 1984. Now they doubt he will last the month. Reagan is exceedingly reluctant to fire Watt under pressure. The President remarked last week that the Secretary had "done a fine job" and did not deserve to be ousted for "a stupid remark." White House Spokesman Larry Speakes said that Reagan would not feel bound by a Senate vote on whether Watt should go, however it might come out.

Watt said nothing, but Reagan's aides believe he will resign rather than face Senate condemnation, and they would like to delay the vote in order to permit additional time for a more graceful exit. Watt is said to have given his top aides at Interior the green light to look for new jobs. Indeed, presidential aides are already speculating about a new job for Watt on Reagan's re-election committee.



The Washington rumor mill turned late last week to churning out names of possible successors to Watt as Secretary of the Interior. The front runner appeared to be former Republican Senator Clifford Hansen of Wyoming, who was actually Reagan's first choice, before Watt, three years ago. Hansen's appointment would fulfill an important Administration goal: assuring Watt's admirers on the Republican right that his replacement would also be a conservative Western voice in the Cabinet. Hansen turned down the job in late 1980, however, because of conflict-of-interest problems. Other names that came up included former New York Senator James Buckley, who has impeccable conservative credentials but suffers the liability of not being a Westerner, and Joseph Jacob Simmons III, a black Democrat who is part Indian and philosophically compatible enough with Watt to serve as his current chief deputy.

Even if Watt should defy the odds—and the Senate—and hold on, his ability to put his policies into effect seems at an end. Two weeks ago, for example, Senate-House conferees approved a bill to ban underwater oil drilling on key areas of the continental shelf that Watt wants to open for leasing.

To one senior Administration official, Watt's departure would be no surprise. This insider had predicted that the Interior Secretary would have only 15 months before his policies would arouse unbeatable opposition. Not long after that, he said, Reagan might have to dump Watt from the Cabinet as a political liability, and should do so without regret. A harsh view? Perhaps, but it was voiced some time ago by none other than James Watt. ■

"Shoot Him"

A conviction in a Mob killing

Mob executions normally go unpunished. But the work of New York detectives and Bronx County prosecutors produced a conviction last week in the killing of a federal witness. The team did what the FBI and Justice Department had failed to do: show that Nat Masselli, 31, had been slain last year in an effort to impede a federal investigation into allegations that Labor Secretary Raymond Donovan had ties to organized crime.

New York–area Mafiosi had expected Masselli to testify in Special Federal Prosecutor Leon Silverman's probe of Donovan's activities as an executive of New Jersey's Schiavone Construction Co. Nat worked for his father William, 56, a convicted hijacker who owned an excavating firm that had subcontracts with Donovan's firm. Testimony in the Bronx County trial showed that Salvatore Odierno, 68, and Phil Buono, 68, Mafia soldiers, had met Nat Masselli last August to talk him out of cooperating with Silverman.

The prosecution's key witness, produced by Detectives Michael Geary and Larry Doherty, testified under an assumed name, William Burns. A longtime informant, Burns claimed that Odierno talked freely about the Masselli killing when the two were inmates last year at New York's Riker's Island jail. According to Burns, Odierno got mad when Masselli, sitting beside him in a parked car, rejected a deal in which the Mob would cancel loans to the Masellis if the pair would pledge their silence in the Donovan investigation. Burns said that when a device that looked like a tape recorder fell from Masselli, Odierno yelled, "My God, the [expletive] is wired. Shoot him, Philly." Buono, seated in back, did so, according to Burns. The jury convicted Odierno of manslaughter. Buono, charged with murder, is scheduled to go on trial this week.

Odierno

Donovan's name emerged several times in the Odierno trial. Burns testified: "Sal said that Mr. Donovan was just another construction operator, who was looking to buy contracts and then would run out of money, and would need money." Summed up Prosecutor Martin L. Fisher: "The motive behind this crime is the protection of Mr. Odierno and Mr. Buono, their associates and their connections in high political office. That connection, the people assert, is Mr. Raymond Donovan."

Donovan, twice cleared by Silverman on charges of links with gangsters, may soon have a chance to rebut Fisher. He has been listed by Buono's lawyers as a potential defense witness in the alleged triggerman's murder trial. ■

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RENAULT

THE ONE TO WATCH

Second Opinion

What did the Soviets know?

Shortly after the fiery end of Korean Air Lines Flight 007, a senior Reagan Administration official said the U.S. had "irrefutable" evidence the Soviets knew that the plane they blasted out of the skies over Sakhalin Island was a commercial jet. The President and U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick made statements last month that in effect indicted the U.S.S.R. for deliberate, cold-blooded murder of the airliner's 269 passengers and crew. But last week the Administration admitted that the proof, far from being irrefutable, is nonexistent. Said State Department Spokesman Alan Romberg: "We do not have the evidence" to show conclusively that the pilots of the Soviet interceptors and their ground controllers knew what kind of plane they were downing.

Romberg was reacting to a New York *Times* story that claimed most U.S. intelligence experts now believe the Soviets really might have mistaken KAL 007 for an American reconnaissance plane. But that assertion, intelligence officials told TIME, goes too far in the other direction. The most that can be said is that there is no evidence that the pilots or their ground controllers ever made a positive identification one way or the other.

As American intelligence people now reconstruct the event, Soviet radar at first did erroneously identify the plane as an American RC-135 (a reconnaissance version of the Boeing 707). An RC-135 had been in the North Pacific earlier that night. Though the Soviets tracked KAL 007 with radar for more than two hours, it is now believed that their interceptors had trouble finding the airliner. Not until it was about to leave Soviet airspace did they finally bring it into sight, and then they had to make a quick decision. They shot.

Did they know what they had hit? If not, say U.S. officials, they should have. The *Times* story asserts that the interceptor pilot probably fired two air-to-air missiles from behind and below the jet, a position from which he could not readily have identified the distinctive shape of a Boeing 747. Perhaps, but a 747 is much bigger than an RC-135. Tapes of the pilots' conversation also indicate that the jet showed flashing navigation and strobe lights, not a common characteristic of spy planes.

It is possible that the pilots and their ground controllers rushed to destroy the jet without making sure what it was, rather than take what they judged to be the greater risk of explaining to Moscow that they had let an "intruder" plane get away. That would still be utterly inexcusable behavior. Said Romberg of the Soviets: "They had the responsibility to find out. If they didn't, they were incompetent or negligent, or both." ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Learning How to Build a Barn

For the moment the spirit of Lyndon Johnson and his frequent counselor, the prophet Isaiah ("Come now, and let us reason together"), are back in style.

At the White House and on the Hill, the leaders have even dusted off the Ball Rule of Power, named after former Under Secretary of State George Ball, who understood that getting close to a President relieved many frustrations of a policymaker. Said Ball: "Nothing propinks like propinquity."

The ghost of the old Speaker of the House, Sam Rayburn, has also risen and spoken: "Any jackass can kick a barn down, but it takes a carpenter to build it."

Two events in the past few days have brought the White House and the Congress closer together on foreign policy than they have been in many a month, and everybody seems to be benefiting except our adversaries, the Soviet Union and its friends.

Why both the Carter and Reagan Administrations found it so difficult to listen to the voices of the past, to reach out for guidance to men and women experienced in the ways of this city, remains a mystery. There is much accumulated wisdom in these streets, and when properly refined and weighed, it can benefit any President.

Javits in Washington last week

When the struggle over the War Powers Act began last month, the man who designed that legislation, former New York Senator Jacob Javits, went to the Capitol to urge its use. His body is crippled by Lou Gehrig's disease (amyotrophic lateral sclerosis), but his mind is still honed by his love of reason and country. He would have preferred a six-month limit on presidential authority to keep the Marines in Lebanon instead of the 18-month limit President Reagan wanted. But when it was apparent the six-month limit did not have the necessary votes to pass, he wanted his old chamber to vote for 18 months. That is the statesmanlike way he had done it in his great years in the Senate, when he could move like an athlete and think even quicker, his intelligence and concern brightening the chamber. Thanks in part to Jacob Javits, the Congress and the President are in Lebanon together, which is the only way our peace force can really be sustained in its difficult mission.

The U.S. Government was also in harmony in Geneva, where last week another round of START began. The President agreed to propose a congressional idea to seek a "build-down" in nuclear missiles and warheads. The political impact was evident. The Soviets were thrown on the defensive; the antinuclear protesters were given a moment's pause. The nation for once saw a creative act of foreign policy embraced by both political parties. Good feeling flowed down the streets. But it took a struggle to get such results.

A fortnight ago, the Reagan aides assembled their charts and facts in the White House Situation Room to show the President's Commission on Strategic Forces how the White House planned to approach the members of Congress advocating the build-down idea. Instantly the commission members, all old hands in the power game, could sense the resistance. The White House, they knew, would again irritate the men on the Hill by emphasizing the areas of difference, the doubts and anticipated inflexibilities of Reagan. Men like James Schlesinger, the former Defense Secretary; Lloyd Cutler, a former Carter aide; and Richard Helms, former director of the CIA, challenged the briefers from the National Security Council. Strengthen and clarify the language, the old pros said. Get rid of the accusatory slogan "It takes two" on almost every chart depicting Soviet-U.S. negotiating positions. Of course it takes both the U.S. and the Soviets to forge an agreement, the men said. The legislators know that. Save the sloganeering for the Soviets. Emphasize the points of agreement. Reach out to Congress.

Judge William Clark, the President's National Security aide, listened quietly. Reagan got the word. He signed on. Maybe if this nation reasons together and propinks enough, we can build a barn.

Vital Statistics

Living longer and better

Births and marriages are up. Deaths and divorces are down. Life expectancy is higher than ever. That was the cheery news last week from the National Center for Health Statistics (NCHS) in its annual report on U.S. population trends.

Life expectancy in 1982, according to the study's provisional figures, rose to an estimated 74.5 years for the total population, up from 70.8 in 1970. Each race and sex group also registered record highs, although the life expectancy of blacks still lagged behind that of the rest of the population. White females born in 1982 could expect to live 78.7 years, longer than any other group; black females had a life expectancy of 73.8 years. White males followed with 71.4 years; black males trailed with 64.8 years.

There were 1.7 million more births than deaths in 1982, what demographers call "a natural increase." The U.S. recorded the largest number of births (3.7 million) since 1970 and the highest birth rate (16 per 1,000 people) since 1971. Deaths (2 million) dropped slightly below the 1981 level, possibly because there were no serious influenza outbreaks in 1982. The 1982 infant mortality rate (11.2 per 1,000 live births) was the lowest ever recorded in the nation. Infants are doing better, says NCHS Demographer Kate Prager, because of the "improvement in medical technology in caring for sick newborns."

Heart disease continues to decline but still tops the list of the 15 leading killers, a group that causes 89% of all American deaths. Cancer, at No. 2, is on the upswing as a cause of death. Fatalities from cerebrovascular disease, accidents, motor-vehicle collisions and chronic pulmonary disease are falling. Suicide leaped up the list from No. 10 to No. 8, principally because two ailments once ahead of it, chronic liver disease and atherosclerosis, continued to drop.

Divorce American-style became decidedly less popular than marriage in 1982. The number of divorces (1.2 million) declined by 3%, the first decrease since 1962; the divorce rate (5.1 per 1,000 people) showed a 4% drop from 1981. The divorce rate last year ranged from a low 3.2 per 1,000 in Pennsylvania to a high 13.9 per 1,000 in Nevada and 8.3 in Alaska. Marriages (2.5 million) boomed for the seventh straight year and reached the highest rate (10.8 per 1,000) since 1973. The sharpest rises, 5% and 6% respectively, occurred in the Middle Atlantic states and New England. The dip in the divorce rate may be partly the result of a new trend revealed in another Government study: the postponement of marriage by those in the 20-to-24 age group. "There is a lot of evidence," says NCHS Demographer Barbara Wilson, "that early marriages are less stable." ■

Saxon, inset, and Utah storage vault

Fool's Gold

Maybe $100 million worth

"You wanta buy some gold, but don't have a safe place to keep it? No problem. Send me money and I'll buy the gold and store it for you. Whenever you want it, just ask."

The actual radio sales pitch, broadcast for two years in California and for a few weeks in New York, was a shade more sophisticated than that. But, in essence, that was the offer of Los Angeles Gold and Silver Dealer Alan David Saxon. Would anyone grab at such a flimsy deal? Some 35,000 investors, dazzled by the lure of precious metals as a hedge against renewed inflation, apparently did. Last week they were regretting it.

"What am I going to do?" asked a distraught Manhattan banker who, at 25, had invested $25,000 of his parents' savings with Saxon. He was seeking advice from the office of New York State Attorney General Robert Abrams. A New Jersey caller reported buying $250,000 worth of gold from Saxon. Declared one weary investigator: "Many of these people even sound well educated and experienced."

The calls were flooding Abrams' office because he had become suspicious after hearing the radio spots and asked some of his aides to snoop around. Oddly enough, they could find no complaints against Saxon and his firm, Bullion Reserve of North America. It had headquarters in Los Angeles and offices in Dallas and Hong Kong. No one in gold trading in New York seemed to know Saxon well, but his company was paying its bills. On instinct, Abrams' men asked Richard Arfa, a vice president of Bullion Reserve, to produce financial records. Arfa stalled and questioned Abrams' jurisdiction in the case.

The same day, Saxon, 39, ran a hose from the exhaust pipe of his motorcycle into the sauna of his $685,000 condo in Venice, Calif. He apparently started the engine, then sat in jeans and socks while the sauna filled with carbon monoxide. When his body was found, so was a tape recording of a message to his estranged wife Susan. It explained that he had killed himself because he could not overcome his mounting business losses.

When accountants examined the books of the company, which last week filed a bankruptcy petition, they could not determine what had happened to some $60 million in metal reserves the company had claimed to be holding. Only about $900,000 worth of metal owned by Saxon's company was found in 200-ft.-deep underground vaults managed by Perpetual Storage Inc. near Salt Lake City. A Brink's vault in Los Angeles contained an additional $150,000 in metal for Saxon's company. The Bullion Reserve records showed that the firm had loaned at least $13 million to Saxon and his wife and more to other companies they controlled. According to the California department of corporations, which began an inquiry, the losses could reach $100 million.

The California investigators believe that Saxon's company may never have purchased all the gold that investors paid for, and that Saxon diverted much of his clients' money to his personal use. He owned another home in Venice, a $59,000 Maserati, a Porsche and a Mercedes. He had made a $95,000 deposit on a Learjet. He apparently had lost $1 million in an attempt to buy the Commercial Bank of California in West Hollywood and save it from bankruptcy. The bank failed last May, and its demise has led to numerous disputes and even lawsuits among its directors.

How had Saxon's apparent swindle gone undetected for two years? Incredibly, no government agency at the state or federal level has clear-cut authority to regulate bullion dealers. The FBI and state or local police normally enter such cases only after complaints of fraud are brought by the victims. By that time, it is usually too late for help. Contends Abrams: "These are interstate frauds that cry out for federal regulation." ■

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Audi: the art of engineering.

With the nation on the brink of default, a normally bustling Buenos Aires street lies almost deserted during the general strike

ARGENTINA

Crisis of Confidence

As the military prepares to bow out, bankruptcy menaces a dispirited nation

Just before he left the annual meeting of the International Monetary Fund in Washington last week, Argentine Central Bank President Julio González del Solar declared that his efforts to refinance his country's $40 billion foreign debt had gone remarkably smoothly. "There is no nervousness," he said. "Basically there is confidence."

González del Solar spoke too soon. Three days later, as the Harvard-trained official stepped off the Pan Am flight that had brought him back to Buenos Aires, three security men accosted him and abruptly hustled him off to a waiting car. They took González del Solar to the headquarters of the mounted police, where they held him incommunicado overnight before flying him 1,700 miles south to the federal penitentiary in the desolate Patagonian town of Río Gallegos. The reason: an obscure, nationalistic federal judge had summoned González del Solar, whose position is roughly comparable to that of U.S. Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker, to investigate "supposed violations of sovereignty" for accepting a routine clause that gives an American court jurisdiction in any dispute over loans to Argentina signed in the U.S

With those Keystone Kops antics, Judge Federico Pinto Kramer pushed Argentina to the brink of international default. Foreign banks immediately suspended all payments of new loans to Argentina, raising fears of a collapse that could set off a global chain reaction.

The crisis could hardly have struck at a worse moment. Argentines were in the midst of an election campaign that holds the promise of ending 7½ years of incompetent and sometimes murderous military rule. Still humiliated by last year's defeat by Britain in the Falkland Islands and burdened by triple-digit inflation and 15% unemployment, the military government of President Reynaldo Bignone was rapidly losing what little control it still had. As if to underscore the government's impotence, the country's two largest labor unions called a 24-hour national strike that shut down virtually all factories and public services. The prevailing attitude, warned the Buenos Aires newspaper *La Nación*, "is something like collective suicide, as if the will to be a nation has been crushed." The situation became so precarious, indeed, that some Argentines wondered if the election scheduled for Oct. 30 would even take place.

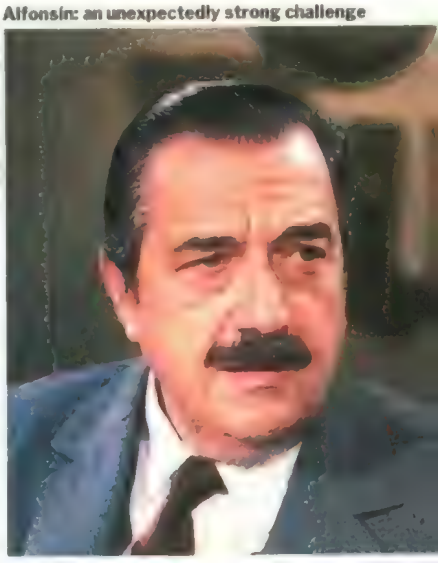
The country's close encounter with insolvency began when a lawyer in Río Gallegos formally objected to a standard clause in a debt agreement between the national airline, Aerolíneas Argentinas, and U.S. creditor banks. The provision stipulates that any litigation can take place in the Federal Court of the Southern District of New York as well as in Argentina. Judge Pinto Kramer agreed that the clause probably violated Argentine sovereignty. Using the broad powers that federal judges in Argentina enjoy, Pinto Kramer decreed a freeze on all loan negotiations, then ordered the arrest of González del Solar

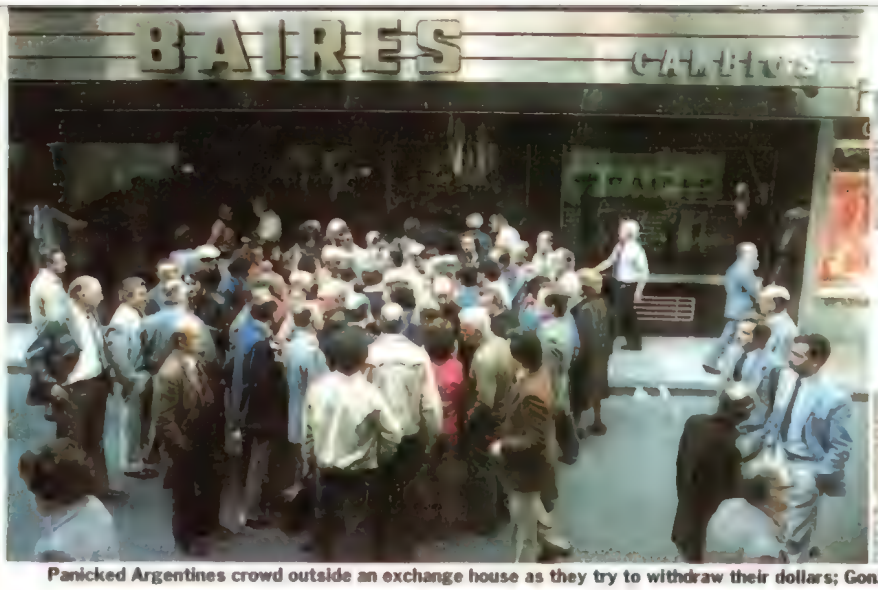
Instead of using his influence to rescind the orders, President Bignone allowed the legalisms to follow their course. He may have had little choice. Pinto Kramer, according to officials close to the leadership, was abetting top air force generals. Their apparent motive: to cause a financial panic that would force postponement or cancellation of the elections.

With the flow of new loans cut off, foreign currency reserves fell sharply, prompting the central bank to suspend all withdrawals of foreign exchange. Within hours, lines formed in front of many of Buenos Aires' major banks as Argentines tried to withdraw dollars and even jewelry for fear that the government would seize their deposits

In the midst of that debacle, the country was shut down by the general strike, which had been called by the two General Confederations of Labor, umbrella union organizations that are dominated by Peronists. At dawn, when supply trucks are normally bustling through the center of

Alfonsín: an unexpectedly strong challenge





Panicked Argentines crowd outside an exchange house as they try to withdraw their dollars; González del Solar in Washington before his arrest

Buenos Aires, the streets looked like a scene from the film *On the Beach*. The railroad stations that are usually teeming with commuters seemed like vast caverns, and airports were closed to all but military traffic. Shops, offices, cinemas and most restaurants were shuttered. In the industrial belt, factories lay idle. By the union's estimate, some 8 million people took part in the strike. The protest ostensibly was a demand for higher wages to compensate for Argentina's runaway inflation, which reached an annual rate of 571% in August. In fact, it was a show of the unions' muscle before the elections, and a broadly based expression of outrage with Argentina's fumbling military leaders.

Belatedly, Bignone tried to defuse the explosive situation. After an appeals court acted on the government's request that the case against the central bank president be dropped, González del Solar was freed and flown back to Buenos Aires aboard the President's personal F-27 jet. Bignone meanwhile had gone on national TV to reassure citizens. González del Solar's imprisonment and the looming default, he said, were "inconveniences everyone knows about."

That did nothing to restore the flow of interest payments from Argentina to banks in the U.S., Europe and Japan. Lamely, the military leaders could only announce that Argentina believed its international commitments "should be respected and fulfilled." They promised that the elections would take place on schedule, but even that reassurance was undermined by vague accusations that unnamed conspirators plotting to plunge the nation "into insecurity and anxiety" were threatening the vote. Aware of the virulent nationalism permeating Argentina, both the Peronist and Radical parties also agreed that the debts should be paid, but called for a full investigation of the terms of the loan agreements.

In the pervasive mood of exhaustion, Argentines have pinned their remaining hopes on the new civilian government, which is scheduled to take office in January. The record is not promising. Peronist domination of Argentine politics has given voters no real choice in nearly four decades, and since 1952 the military has not allowed a single elected government to complete its term. Now, however, the Peronists face a genuine challenge from the centrist Radical party. Moreover, both parties have leaders who are equipped with refreshingly moderate agendas.

Until recently, moderation has not been a feature of Peronism. Since its founding in 1946 under Dictator Juan Perón, the Peronist party has had one overriding goal: to keep the Perón family in power. With close ties to the military and the devoted support of a vast poor and working-class constituency, the strongly nationalistic party swept every election it was free to enter. The usual pattern of Peronist politics came to an end in September, however, when centrist delegates to the national convention overwhelmed old-line union bosses. The convention nominated Italo Luder, 66, a low-key former law professor and accomplished political infighter, as the party's new leader. His selection came after traditionalists failed to engineer the return of Isabel Martínez de Perón, the dictator's widow, to lead the party. She remains in Spain, where she fled after a brief and tumultuous term as Argentine President.

Luder: a surprisingly moderate candidate

Luder's plain-spoken style has impressed his countrymen, who were weary of the party's posturing leaders of the past. But while the Peronists were feuding, the Radicals, under their backslapping leader Raúl Alfonsín, 56, were campaigning successfully among the urban middle class. Calling for a government modeled on West European social democratic lines while strongly opposing the military junta, Alfonsín has won converts among the working class, the Peronist stronghold. He has also found support among the 5 million youths who will be voting for the first time.

Notably absent from the heated campaign is any significant difference on substance. Both candidates are preoccupied with repudiating the actions of the discredited military regime. One particularly emotional issue is the "dirty war" of the 1970s, when at least 6,000 opponents of the government disappeared, apparently killed by members of the armed forces. With an eye to the scheduled transition to civilian rule, the military last month enacted a law that in effect pardoned itself for the atrocities. Both Luder and Alfonsín have promised to repeal the law, whose constitutionality is in any event dubious. Says Alfonsín: "We will restore the rule of law, so that never again will a man have to kneel before another man."

As the nation attempts to recover from the latest blows to its economy and its pride, the importance of the election lies not so much in the political contest as in the opportunity it presents to consign the failures of the past to history. Explains a leading civil rights activist: "This is Argentina's last chance to join the 20th century before the rest of the world moves off into the 21st century." *—By Kenneth W. Banta. Reported by Gavin Scott/Buenos Aires*

Fateful journey: Foreign Minister Lee, second from right, and Deputy Prime Minister Suh, right

TERRORISM

A Bomb Wreaks Havoc in Rangoon

High-ranking South Koreans are killed during a state visit

South Korean President Chun Doo Hwan was running a few minutes late for the wreath-laying ceremony at the Martyrs' Mausoleum in Rangoon last Sunday. As they waited for his arrival, high-ranking South Korean officials chatted quietly with their Burmese hosts. Suddenly, an earsplitting explosion cracked through the one-story building, blowing the center of the roof skyward. Within seconds, a scene suffused with the orderliness of diplomatic protocol was transformed into bloody chaos: smoking ruins, survivors screaming hysterically, others racing frantically from the building to seek help. The toll of the blast, apparently caused by a bomb hidden in the mausoleum's ceiling: 19 killed and 48 injured. The dead included 16 leading South Korean officials, among them Deputy Prime Minister Suh Suk Joon, Foreign Minister Lee Bum Suk and two other Cabinet ministers, as well as three Burmese journalists.

Chun, whose visit to Rangoon was the first stop in an 18-day swing through six Asian and Pacific nations, was three minutes away from the memorial when the bomb, apparently meant for him, went off. His motorcade immediately turned away; soon afterward, the President cut short the journey and flew back to Seoul with his wife. Cabinet members who had not accompanied the President on the tour quickly convened in the South Korean capital, ordered the country's armed forces and police on special alert, and set up a task force of vice ministers to deal with the crisis. Barely before the smoke from the blast had cleared, South Korean officials charged that the bomb had been planted by North Korean agents, but provided no specific evidence to back their claim. Said Information Minister Lee Jin Hie: "We have come to realize once again the true nature of North Korea as a barbarous international group." Burmese President U San Yu called the attack a "premeditated and dastardly act of terrorists." Two Burmese ministers were injured.

The blast plunged South Koreans into another round of mourning barely a month after the Soviet downing of Korean Air Lines Flight 007. As soon as the military alert was announced, soldiers scurried back to their bases from weekend leave and civilians listened intently to their radios.

The Rangoon attack decimated the senior leadership of Chun's Cabinet. Suh Suk Joon, 45, a U.S.-educated technocrat, was appointed Deputy Prime Minister last July; he also headed South Korea's economic planning board. Perhaps the biggest loss to Chun was the death of Foreign Minister Lee, 58, who had conceived and planned the foreign tour. A seasoned diplomat who once served as Ambassador to India (1976-80), Lee was given his portfolio in 1982. A cornerstone of his policy was to try to establish ties for South Korea with "nonbelligerent" socialist and Third World nations; thus, Chun's aborted trip included stops in Sri Lanka and India. Lee had also suggested that a solution to continuing North Korean–South Korean tensions might lie in permanently recognizing the split, but the North remains adamantly opposed and still demands national reunification.

The ill-fated journey last week was also designed to burnish Chun's image at home; since seizing power after the 1979 assassination of Park Chung Hee and winning the election of 1980, the President has yet to emerge as a truly popular leader. The explosion in Rangoon, no matter who was responsible, was bound to bring South Koreans closer together—if only, once again, in anguish. ■

THE PHILIPPINES

Marcos' Woes

Reagan cancels his stopover

The specter of the bruised and bloody body of Benigno Aquino would not go away. At every turn last week, Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos appeared to be moving through a tragedy of Shakespearean dimensions welling up from the assassination of his chief political rival. President Reagan canceled his plans to visit the Philippines, and the estranged Philippine business community was only reluctantly taking steps to help Marcos out of a gathering financial crisis, which last week led to a 21.4% devaluation of the peso. From a former U.S. Ambassador to both Iran and the Philippines, meanwhile, came a blunt warning that the struggle to replace Marcos could become a replay of the Iranian revolution.

Reagan's decision to bypass the Philippines, along with Indonesia and Thailand, on his trip to Japan and South Korea due to begin Nov. 10 was a clear indication that the Administration would like to keep its distance. The White House cited a "particularly demanding" legislative calendar, but few officials were pretending that congressional concerns were the real reason: though most Filipinos are still pro-American, many of them were opposed to the trip on the grounds that it would show U.S. support for Marcos at a critical time. There was also a personal factor: Nancy Reagan firmly opposed the journey because of fears for her husband's safety. For Marcos and his influential wife Imelda, the cancellation came as a blow, but most Filipinos were clearly delighted with Reagan's decision.

In a syndicated newspaper article, William H. Sullivan, who was U.S. Ambassador to the Philippines from 1973 to 1977 and then Ambassador to Iran until April 1979, wrote of "the parallels between the American dilemma in Manila today and our problems in Tehran in 1978." He warned of the "dangerous similarity" of U.S. ties in each case to "an authoritarian leader without a popular base of support." In an interview with TIME, Sullivan said that the U.S. should encourage Marcos "to make an amicable deal with the moderate opposition in order to restore democracy, neutralize the small but growing ranks of the radicals, and avert civil war."

Marcos spent much of last week soliciting support from reluctant Philippine businessmen, at one point reportedly threatening, "If things get messy around here and there is hyperinflation, you might see happening here what happened in Mexico and Argentina—nationalization of the banks." He did agree to add independent members to the six-man, pro-government commission investigating Aquino's murder. But from his opponents the message remained the same, that Marcos should resign. ■

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BRITAIN

Labor Reaches for Unity

The party agrees on a new leader but, as usual, not on defense

Just after he was elected to lead Britain's limping and divided Labor Party last week, Neil Kinnock and his wife Glenys took a stroll along Brighton beach for the benefit of photographers. As the cameras clicked, Labor's new standard-bearer tripped and fell into the chilly surf. Picking himself up, with a grin on his freckled face, Kinnock shook the water off his second-best suit and observed that "the damn tide came in."

The tide indeed had come in—and with unexpected swiftness—for the copper-haired Welshman, who became the youngest leader in the Labor Party's history. In his 13 years as a Member of Parliament, Kinnock, 41, a leftist with a pragmatic streak, has never served in a government post. Thus it was a measure of the demoralized Labor Party's desperate need for a new image, energy and, above all, unity that led it to choose overwhelmingly on the first ballot a candidate untested in the national arena.

Kinnock replaced Michael Foot, 70, who had tendered his resignation after presiding over Labor's worst defeat in 65 years, when Britons in June re-elected the Conservative government of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. Kinnock's bandwagon rolled over three party heavyweights: the center-right's Roy Hattersley, 50, Leftist Veteran Eric Heffer, 61, and Peter Shore, 59, a moderate spokesman on economic affairs. The battle for the deputy leader's post proved much sharper. With Kinnock's tacit support, Hattersley defeated Leftist Michael Meacher, 43, thereby establishing what party faithful called "the dream ticket," a combination that seemed to bridge the deep left-right fissures that have plagued Labor.

For this difficult moment in the party's history, Kinnock was an ideal solution. With working-class roots deep in the black valleys of South Wales—his father was a coal miner, his mother a district nurse—he virtually grew up in the Labor Party. Though he was an indifferent student who eked out a degree from University College, Cardiff, he was keen on rugby, talk and political action. His wife, whom he met at the university, was so politically oriented that she refused a wedding band made of South African gold. Working together, the Kinnocks won Neil a safe parliamentary seat.

For three days, the Brighton conference bathed in an unaccustomed atmosphere of harmony under the dream team. But when the time came to consider the thorny issue of defense policy, unity quickly yielded to familiar acrimony. Backed by Kinnock, the party's National Executive Committee had crafted a compromise proposal designed to be acceptable to both left and right. Instead, in a wave of emotion, the cheering delegates reaffirmed Labor's commitment to unilateral nuclear disarmament.

That was just the beginning. Another resolution aimed at NATO rejected "Britain's membership in any Pentagon-dominated military pact based on the first use of nuclear weapons." It called for the "elimination" of all foreign bases on British soil (only the U.S. has such bases) and declared that Labor's defense policy must be "solely concerned with the protection of Britain and its people." The resolutions passed by overwhelming acclamation.

Thus, once again, the Labor Party was locked into a defense policy that flouted national opinion. On the opening day of the conference, a Gallup poll showed that 74% of Britons, including 51% of Labor voters, believe that the party's unilateral disarmament policy would be dangerous for the country. Overall, the party was supported by only 24.5% of the electorate, just one point above the alltime low nearly two years ago. Undaunted, Ron Todd, the union delegate who had presented the unilateralist resolution, declared on TV: "I'd rather go down [in the next general election] than change the policy." It was that attitude that led the *Daily Mirror*, Labor's major supporter among Britain's big dailies, to observe that "only the Labor Party could still put money on a horse after the race has been lost."

With the notable exception of the defense issue, there were signs at Brighton that a touch of grass-roots democracy was creeping into the party. The rank and file in unions and constituency parties boldly voted against their leaders' choices. Moreover, five extreme leftists were expelled from the party for their leading roles in a faction called the Trotskyist Militant Tendency. The conference also moved toward moderation in its stance on the European Community: whereas during the election campaign Labor had pledged to pull Britain out of the E.C., the conference voted to stay in for the full term of the next European Parliament, or at least six years.

Kinnock has already served notice that he is eager for the next election, which must be called by 1988 at the latest. He wants new and younger faces in the leadership and, above all, an end to the debilitating struggles between right and left for control of the party machinery. Kinnock is impressed by a study by Oxford Professor Robert Waller, who has found that social change in Britain could be in the process of making Labor "the party of the past." Waller's analysis shows that since the 1970s Britain has become a society of skilled workers and homeowners, a middle-class nation that no longer can respond to the Labor Party's outmoded proletarian appeal. Kinnock's dilemma is that he must change his party without risking either a split in its ranks or a revolt by the suspicious hard-line left that gave him its support. The new leader likes to say, "I can work with anyone in the Labor Party who wants to win." If he succeeds in that, Kinnock has the easy charm, the pleasing personality, the political savvy and the determination to pose a threat to the Conservatives. —*By Frederick Painton. Reported by Bonnie Angelo/Brighton*

Eager to join the fray: Neil Kinnock and Wife Glenys savor victory in Brighton last week

A measure of the demoralized Labor Party's need for a new image, energy and unity.

MIDDLE EAST

Jet Threat

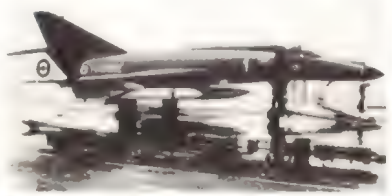
New Persian Gulf equation?

For the past three years, Iraq and Iran have been like scorpions in a bottle, stuck in a war that seemingly has no end. Well over 100,000 from both sides have been killed; thousands more have been taken prisoners. Now, a new element may enter the grim struggle, possibly altering its scope and stakes: according to French press reports, neither confirmed nor denied by the authorities over the weekend, the French government is sending to Iraq five highly sophisticated Super Etendard fighter-bombers. The planes, flown by French pilots, were said to have taken off from Landivisiau air base in Brittany, bound for southern France or Corsica prior to being handed over to Iraq.

Iraq has already received from France 20 Exocet air-to-surface missiles, the same weapon that the Argentines used to such deadly effect against the British in the Falklands war last year. Once the Super Etendards are equipped with the Exocets, the Iraqis would have a weapons system capable of hitting and blocking Iranian oil facilities that still ship an estimated 2.2 million bbl. per day of crude.

The Iranian government has warned that if its oil installations are threatened in any way, it will shut down ship traffic in the gulf by bottling up the entrance at the Strait of Hormuz. Such a move would seriously disrupt the lifeline of gulf oil, most notably from Saudi Arabia, to the rest of the world. About 50% of Japan's oil imports, nearly 40% of Western Europe's and 10% of the U.S.'s come from the region.

In past weeks, officials from the U.S., Britain, West Germany and several gulf nations have expressed their misgivings to



Super Etendard of French navy

the government of President François Mitterrand about the jet delivery. Paris did hold up the transfer for three weeks, partly because the government did not want the news to come out before Mitterrand's speech on nuclear disarmament at the United Nations late last month. But French officials have also argued that the Super Etendards might, in fact, persuade the Iranians to pursue a negotiated settlement—to which Iraq is already pledged—thus ending the bloodshed. The French have another, less noble reason: Iraq owes France between $5 billion and $7 billion for previous arms deliveries. If Baghdad loses the war, Paris has little hope of collecting. ■

Getting to know you: protected by sandbags, members of rival factions confer

LEBANON

Risky Business

Syria ups the ante again

Shipping arms to the Middle East is like carrying coals to Newcastle, but the news last week still brought shudders. Already a formidable player in the area, Syria will soon boast an even stronger hand. According to U.S. officials, the Soviet Union is preparing to send a new type of mobile battlefield missile, the SS-21, to Syria for the first time. The surface-to-surface weapon, developed in 1976 and never before deployed outside the Warsaw Pact nations, has a range of about 75 miles. Its immediate predecessor, the FROG-7, could go only 40 miles. Armed with the more accurate SS-21s, the Syrians would now be able to reach targets far inside Israel, as well as ships of the U.S. Sixth Fleet off the coast of Lebanon.

The Syrians are already equipped with FROG-7s and the older Scud missiles, along with batteries of SA-5 surface-to-air weapons manned by Soviet military officers. Since the Syrians seem extremely reluctant to risk a direct attack against Israel, the SS-21 deployment is viewed as a political response to the buildup of U.S. naval power along the Lebanese coast. Observed President Reagan during his weekly radio talk last Saturday: "We have to wonder aloud about Syrian protestations of their peaceful intentions."

Meanwhile, the government of Amin Gemayel announced last week that "new difficulties" had prevented Lebanon's multitudinous factions from agreeing on a time and place for their national reconciliation meeting. "New" difficulties? The problems seemed as new as Cain and Abel. If Lebanon's warring sects are given a chance to disagree, they will. This time, Suleiman Franjieh, a former President (1970-76) and one of the leaders of the Syrian-backed National Salvation Front, announced that he would not attend any conference held in Lebanon, while Camille Chamoun, head of the right-wing Christian Lebanese Front, declared that he would not show up at talks convened outside the country.

The solution turned out to be the classic one: appoint a commission to study the dispute. Beirut Radio announced that a steering committee representing the country's sparring groups would meet this week to pave the way for the promised discussions on a fairer division of national power. The compromise came about after a meeting in New York City between Syrian Foreign Minister Abdel Halim Khaddam and Saudi Foreign Minister Prince Saud al Faisal.

Since the cease-fire accord worked out by Saudi Arabia and the U.S. went into effect two weeks ago, the Syrian government has relentlessly asserted its influence over Lebanese affairs. Faced with Syrian opposition, Gemayel and the U.S. backed away from their suggestion that the U.N. monitor the cease-fire. The latest proposal calls for the observers to be drawn from U.N. forces now in Lebanon, but to keep them outside U.N. jurisdiction. Another alternative: ask nonaligned nations, such as India and Greece, to supply the truce policemen

Signs of Syrian influence could be detected elsewhere. Franjieh told TIME Middle East Bureau Chief William Stewart that the first topic on the summit's agenda must be the rejection of last May's Israeli-Lebanese accord, which called for the total withdrawal of Israeli troops in exchange for closer ties between the two countries. Unless that is done, Franjieh warned, "no member of the commission will discuss any other point." Such a move would fulfill Syrian President Hafez Assad's short-term goal: to nullify Israel's political gains in Lebanon. That would be an important step on the way to his ultimate objective: a government in Beirut that is sympathetic, if not subservient, to Syrian interests. ■

NICARAGUA

"Nothing Will Stop This Revolution"

Vestiges of pluralism remain, but the Sandinistas steadily tighten their grip

The country's leaders have proclaimed it the Year of the Militarization of the Process. And, indeed, almost everywhere in revolutionary Nicaragua there are signs of a nation girding for war. In the capital of Managua and throughout the countryside, youthful reservists, peasants and members of so-called mass organizations are being armed and dispatched to the borders under the red-and-black banners of the ruling Sandinista National Liberation Front. Along roadsides and on the adobe walls of village buildings, posters inveigh against the evils of "Yankee imperialism." Other placards extol "revolutionary heroes" who have fought against and died in a U.S.-backed "counterrevolutionary" threat. In local schools, factories and farming cooperatives, activists exhort citizens to volunteer for militia duty. Under a new conscription law that went into effect this month, Nicaragua, which already has the largest armed forces in Central America, will be able to double the size of its military, to 250,000 troops.

There is another kind of mobilization in Nicaragua: a daily muster to find food. Men, women and children line up outside government-run "supermarkets of the people" in Managua and other cities. Their hope is to be first for whatever minimal, unpredictable rations of meat and chicken may be available that day. Even the early risers are frequently disappointed. At a typical scramble, housewives confront a butcher who tells them that the meat locker is empty and he has "no idea" when more supplies will arrive. Milk and fish are scarce, fresh eggs are the rarest of treats, and produce counters display only limp, miserable specimens of vegetables and fruit.

In some lush corners of Nicaragua, food shortages are not a problem. At a doctor's ranch-style home in a tree-lined southern suburb of Managua, thick *chur-*

rasco steaks wait beside an outdoor barbecue grill as some 20 weekend guests sip cocktails and pick at turtle egg and black conch appetizers. Half a dozen children race through the garden to the swimming pool. Most of the guests are middle-aged relatives. They talk little of politics but much of their kin who have left for the U.S. There is only a brief flare-up of political emotion as a woman berates her brother-in-law for the behavior of his son, who is a high-ranking member of the Sandinista Party. The man listens to the tirade with his head down. Finally, he lifts his eyes and declares, "My son is not a Communist. I'm convinced that he is not."

That sense of political separation is common among members of the rapidly dwindling middle and upper classes in Nicaragua (pop. 2.9 million). Their feeling of disquiet about the country's future is loudly echoed by the Reagan Administration. In Washington's view, Nicaragua and its four-year-old Sandinista government have emerged as a new and threatening variety of Marxist-Leninist rule on the mainland of the Americas. The Reagan Administration has not hesitated to signal its concern by military means: a fleet of U.S. warships has been conducting "readiness exercises" off Nicaraguan shores, while 3,500 U.S. troops have assembled across the border in Honduras for the largest series of war games ever held in Central America. Most important, the U.S. is continuing to provide covert support to thousands of Nicaraguan insurgents, known as *contras* (counterrevolutionaries), whose hit-and-run attacks along Nicaragua's northern and southern borders have, according to the Sandinistas, claimed more than 700 lives. President Reagan has justified U.S. support for the *contras* by accusing the Sandinistas of having "betrayed" their countrymen, calling the junta members "counterfeit revolutionaries who wear fatigues and drive around in Mercedes sedans."

Four years after the popular uprising that overthrew the bloody and grasping dictatorship of Anastasio Somoza Debayle, Nicaragua is still lurching through an erratic political and social transformation, in which many of the ultimate goals of the regime are, at best, haphazardly defined. Consequently, Nicaragua abounds in paradox and ambiguity as its leadership claims to be launched upon a new experiment: an attempt to align Marxism-Leninism with the principles of political pluralism and democracy. Says a sympathetic American observer: "The Sandinistas really like to believe they have invented a new way, a laissez-faire, nonstructured Marxism in which people, if given a free choice, will naturally become more socialist."

While this may have been the intention of the Sandinistas, the reality is different. No one could deny that drastic social change of some kind was inevitable in Nicaragua after the 1979 revolution. Under Somoza, the country had an illiteracy rate (50%) and a health-care record (infant mortality: 46 per 1,000 live births) high even in a region notorious for its backwardness and poverty. The Sandinistas can claim with justification to have ad-

Paradox and ambiguity (clockwise from left): a belligerent plea for peace; queue at a pharmacy; a Catholic procession; hanging on to a crowded bus; learning to read; healing a child; mourning a Sandinista militiaman

dressed at least some of Nicaragua's crying social needs.

One showcase of Sandinista popularity is Barrio Riguero (pop. 11,000), an eastern slum neighborhood of Managua that was the scene of serious street fighting against Somoza. Spray-painted revolutionary slogans adorn virtually every ramshackle wall. Pigs root through street trash, and mothers bathe squealing infants in concrete laundry sinks in cramped backyards. A notable change in the landscape, however, is a tiny, spotless health post in the district. In four modest examining rooms, crisply attired nurses provide basic diagnostic and preventive care for anyone who wants it, free of charge.

A different kind of novelty in Barrio Riguero is the network of block associations, known as Sandinista Defense Committees (C.D.S.), that blankets the neighborhood. Modeled on similar organizations in Cuba, the committees provide a Sandinista-controlled conduit for a variety of needs, like monitoring local health-care requirements. But the committees also provide a means to disseminate Sandinista propaganda, call pro-government political rallies and arbitrate mundane neighborhood disputes.

The C.D.S. function that arouses the most concern is "revolutionary vigilance," meaning that committee volunteers keep careful tabs on every movement in the area. Suspicious activities are reported to the police and the local Sandinista chain of command. Government officials describe the C.D.S. as being little different from a U.S. block association. According to others, however, revolutionary vigilance is used to call out Nicaragua's highly organized security police and to unleash Sandinista mobs against anyone who is labeled a counterrevolutionary. Says a young Sandinista in a classically Orwellian turn of phrase: "There is no repression in Nicaragua. Just people keeping an eye on each other."

In El Dorado, a tidy, single-family haven of the Nicaraguan managerial middle class, just across the highway from Barrio Riguero, there is little enthusiasm for the system. Many El Dorado residents spurn the social welfare services of the block committees. But they seem acutely aware that the vigilance system is active. One El Dorado householder, the manager of a local pharmaceutical plant, chooses his words carefully as he says, "I am not an enemy of the revolution, but I am not in agreement with it." The manager testifies to the group pressure that the C.D.S. can bring to bear on dissidents. Says he: "If you are not a Sandinista, it is a crime: they call you a reactionary. There is no freedom of speech."

Other ambiguous benefits are attached to another area where the government claims to have made social strides: education. One of the earliest Sandinista triumphs was a "popular literacy campaign" in which thousands of teachers brought the Nicaraguan illiteracy rate down to a mere 12% in one year. The government now claims that 1 million Nicaraguans of all ages are enrolled in some kind of education program, up from 500,000 in 1979. But the system is suffering from rapid expansion: poorly educated teachers, too few textbooks, no paper. The consequences have been severe. Last year 53% of Nicaraguan first-graders were not promoted.

On the surface, the Sandinistas have done little to alter the basic three-Rs curriculum in the country's elementary schools. Still, there are disquieting signs that the educational system is being used as a propaganda outlet for the government. The government's newly issued primer at first seems to be little more than a Dick-and-Jane clone. But one of the examples of words beginning with the letter *d* is *defense*, and it is accompanied by a photograph of soldiers. "Valiant militias march into the plaza," the caption reads. "The militias are from the people. The pueblo is ready for defense." In secondary schools, liberal disciplines in the Nicaraguan social sciences and humanities have been downgraded or replaced by courses on revolutionary history and Marxist economics and sociology. Even a natural science class at one of Managua's largest public schools includes a lesson on the alleged exploitation of the Third World by multinational corporations.

The same process has taken place at Nicaragua's Jesuit-run University of Central America. The social sciences are dominated by the Marxist disciplines of historical and dialectical materialism. There are also ugly signs of political intimidation on campus. A philosophy professor was recently expelled from the university after members of the so-called Sandinista Youth held protests outside her office. Her crime: in an interview she said, "If a university professor is not in agreement with the Sandinista Front, the Sandinista Youth consider you a counterrevolutionary."

Comparable principles of harassment and intimidation have been applied by the Sandinistas to the country's three main opposition political parties and its handful of independent labor unions. Roving Sandinista gangs known as *turbas* (mobs) have broken up meetings and stoned the houses of leaders. The Sandinistas claim no direct responsibility, and in fact there is evidence that the government has moved to quiet the *turbas*. Still, the net result has been to leave most of the country's remaining opposition spokesmen cowed, or at least in a state of uneasy truce with the government and its overwhelming monopoly of force.

The most bizarre Sandinista double standards seem to apply to the media. Nicaragua's two Sandinista-owned television stations offer a cultural hodgepodge without seeming to be ideologically bi-

The vanguard: three militia battalions parade in Managua before going out to fight, left; young loyalist hoists the Sandinista banner

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ased: everything from documentaries on Cuban classical dancers to delayed showings of U.S. major league baseball games to reruns of *Lou Grant*. Print is another matter. The Sandinistas own or control two daily newspapers, the pro-government *Nuevo Diario* and the official Sandinista paper *Barricada*. Both provide a predictable medley of government propaganda, while the only opposition newspaper, *La Prensa*, is subject to strict censorship.

That newspaper's editors are forbidden to print anything negative about the Sandinistas either at home or abroad; criticism of Cuba, the Soviet Union or any other East bloc country; local stories about unclaimed bodies in the Managua morgue; reports on Nicaraguan unemployment; and news analysis that criticizes both the U.S. and the Soviet Union for their Central American policies. The very mention of censorship is forbidden.

The reason for the strict daily supervision, says State Censor Nelba Blandon, is that "*La Prensa* always distorts reality." But the censor's decisions can be capricious. For example, one *La Prensa* headline saying that Nicaragua's seasonal rains had not arrived on schedule was suppressed for fear that it would cause general alarm. *La Prensa* Editor Pedro Joaquín Chamorro *(see box)* also accuses the government of deliberately delaying the return of censored copy so as to prevent the paper from coming out in time for workers to buy it on their way home. According to Nicaraguan Interior Minister Tomás Borge Martínez, the fact that the newspaper survives at all is "just another example of how this government supports freedom of the press." In fact, the Sandinistas allow *La Prensa* to stay in business because they realize that it has become a kind of test case of their commitment to pluralism.

Another target for Sandinista transformation is the Roman Catholic Church. In a Managua slum, the squat, red brick and stained-glass Santa María de los Angeles church has become a shrine of Nicaragua's new, revolutionary "popular religion." Inside the building, a painting depicts "Christ the Peasant" struggling under a crucifix; another panel features cherubim escorting slain fighters to heaven under the Sandinista flag. Says the local priest, Father Uriel Molina: "Revolutionary values are now in the everyday faith of the people."

Churchmen who do not accept the new credo get short shrift. The country's archbishop, Miguel Obando y Bravo, was long ago deprived of the right to give a televised sermon on Sundays without prior censorship; other priests have come in for selective abuse. Perhaps the most famous Sandinista attempt at intimidation came last March, when hecklers in Managua attempted to shout down Pope John Paul II during his Central American tour. The nation's best-known radical priest, Minister of Culture Ernesto Cardenal, later declared that the Pope was "against pluralism. He wants everyone to think like himself."

Junta Coordinator Daniel Ortega Saavedra

Minister of Culture Ernesto Cardenal

NACHTWEY—BLACK STAR

Minister of the Interior Tomás Borge

Trying to transform a country, with haphazardly defined ideas and goals.

The Sandinistas are particularly proud of their major economic program, land reform. The Nicaraguan effort, they say, is more flexible and productive than similar U.S.-sponsored reforms in El Salvador. In four years, the Sandinistas claim, Nicaragua has moved from an agrarian economy in which 2% of the population owned the largest and most lucrative holdings to one where 23% of the rural population works on state farms and 15% in new cooperatives, and the remaining 62% enjoy private land ownership.

Nicaraguan human rights observers tell a different story. According to the Managua-based Permanent Commission on Human Rights, private ownership in Nicaragua, as codified in Articles 27 and 31 of the Statute on the Rights and Guarantees of the Nicaraguan People, now means only the "right to the use of the land" and to "receive the fruits of something not belonging to oneself." The regime has also reneged on promises to respect "responsible" private ownership by passing new decrees allowing the confiscation of property with government-determined compensation for reasons of "public utility." Says a prosperous Nicaraguan cotton farmer: "That is why there are so few of us left who are staying and reinvesting. They can take your land if they decide it is underutilized. If you show them it is really producing far above average yields, they can also confiscate it as a model for national priority."

The chaos that the Sandinista economic measures have spread is one reason for the shortages that have allowed sardonic Nicaraguans to dub Managua "the capital of queues." So far as the Sandinistas are concerned, the problem is simply being called "distribution," meaning a chronic short supply of operating buses and trucks in the country due to a lack of imported spare parts. The government blames that shortage on the U.S. for leading a campaign to cut off Nicaragua's international credit at a time when the country is staggering beneath an estimated $3 billion in foreign debt. "If we do not have oil, bread and soap, it is the fault of aggressor imperialism," declares a typically hostile sign outside a low-income housing project in Managua.

The shortage of goods poses the danger of creating disaffection among the poor, whose interests the revolutionaries claim to represent. Many of the Sandinista leaders have moved into the luxury residences vacated by Somoza supporters who fled the country; members of the regime's elite 25,000-strong Sandinista People's Army have access to special gasoline supplies, duty-free stores and food outlets. Says a matronly nurse in a health clinic: "The situation is critical. The Sandinista leadership has benefited from this revolution but not the masses. I am 100% Sandinista, but not their type of Sandinista."

Complaints of that kind are more likely to come from older Nicaraguans. In general, the country's youth is still very sympathetic to the revolution, and many blame their hardships on "Yankee imperialism." Says Antonia García, a Managua church administrator: "Adults do not want to change their ways, but young people view the changes with enthusiasm."

The government has exploited that enthusiasm by invoking the threat of the CIA-backed *contras*. The Sandinistas began cracking down on dissent shortly after their 1979 takeover, and to impose a tough "emergency law" in March 1982 they seized upon an incident in which *contras* blew up two bridges near the Honduran border. Among the law's provisions: prior

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censorship and detention without due process. As the *contra* attacks have continued, the Sandinistas have successfully appealed to nationalist sentiment while using the external menace as an excuse for not fulfilling earlier promises. Says Junta Coordinator Daniel Ortega Saavedra: "For a country to achieve democracy, it needs stability." The Sandinistas have also discovered that the fervor of their young people has provided them with an effective, albeit inexperienced corps of militiamen eager to confront the enemy.

Typical of the young reservists is Miguel Sarría, 24, a truck mechanic from the southern city of Chichigalpa, who recently served in the border militia near the center of Ocotal. Sarría has lost two close friends to *contra* fire. "Nothing will stop this revolution," he says defiantly.

A U.S. analyst in the region agrees. "I don't see how the revolution can be dislodged or pre-empted," he asserts. But, in his view, the pressures in favor of maintaining some semblance of pluralism are still strong enough to prevent Nicaragua from becoming another Cuba soon. The analyst adds: "My guess is that Nicaragua will remain a relatively pluralistic Marxist state for some time."

Last month the Sandinistas made a concession by announcing legislative approval of a law recognizing that opposition political parties could be formed with the goal of "achieving political power." How that might occur is still unclear; the Sandinistas have promised to hold elections by 1985, but so far they have not determined the stakes in the race, or even the election rules.

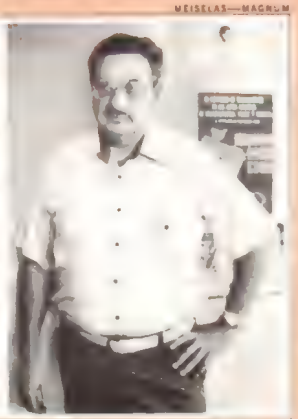
The Sandinistas profess little concern about the fact that an estimated 77,000 Nicaraguans have fled the country in the past four years. "We made no promises to the bourgeoisie," says Junta Member Sergio Ramírez Mercado. "We made no promises to the U.S. We made our promises to the poor." Indeed, the Sandinistas repeatedly assert that continued U.S. hostility, particularly through support of the *contras*, guarantees a continued clampdown in Nicaragua. Warns Ortega: "The Reagan Administration can force us to take steps we do not want to take." Still unanswered is the question of what course Ortega and his colleagues would follow if they could not conveniently blame the U.S. for their own actions. ***—By George Russell. Reported by Timothy Loughran, William McWhirter and Alessandra Stanley/Managua***

A House Divided

Like other revolutions of thought and arms, the new Nicaraguan order has set friend against friend, brother against brother. Four years after the overthrow of Dictator Anastasio Somoza Debayle, one remarkable family embodies the ideological divisions that tear at the fabric of the country: the old and respected Chamorro clan, a wealthy political and publishing dynasty that has given Nicaragua four Presidents and three generations of newspaper publishers. In their differing and passionately held points of view, the Chamorros are a microcosm of a nation at odds with itself.

Disharmony is new to them. For more than 40 years, the family was united in its opposition to the harsh and repressive regimes of successive members of the Somoza family. For three decades, that opposition was led by Pedro Joaquín Chamorro, brilliant and unflinching editor of the Managua daily *La Prensa*. On Jan. 10, 1978, Chamorro, 53, was gunned down on his way to the office by Somoza henchmen. The apparent motive: retaliation for a *La Prensa* disclosure that a blood bank owned in part by Somoza was selling much needed blood abroad at a profit.

Pedro Chamorro of *La Prensa*



Xavier Chamorro of *Diario*

Chamorro's assassination catalyzed the national rebellion that was already building against the regime, and subsequently served to sunder the bereaved family. In 1980, only a year after the revolution, the newspaper was paralyzed by a struggle between family members who supported the new Sandinista government and those critical of its Marxist-Leninist tendencies. The conservatives won, and Chamorro's brother Xavier, editor of *La Prensa*, left to form his own newspaper, taking most of the staff with him. Today Chamorro's widow, his brothers and sisters and four children are arrayed in almost equal numbers on opposing sides of the country's political battleground.

All three daily newspapers in Managua are published by Chamorros, each with a different editorial line. *La Prensa* (circ. 56,000) is now jointly edited by Chamorro's eldest son and namesake, Pedro Joaquín, 32, Chamorro's cousin Pablo Antonio Cuadra, 71, and uncle Jaime Chamorro, 49. *El Nuevo Diario* (circ. 48,000), edited by Xavier, 50, is solidly progovernment. *Barricada* (circ. 80,000), edited by Chamorro's youngest son, Carlos Fernando, 27, is the official paper of the Sandinista movement.

The women in the family are also sharply divided in their political loyalties. Pedro Chamorro's widow Violeta Barrios de Chamorro, 54, served briefly in the first five-member junta after the revolution. The appointment was primarily symbolic, to honor her slain husband, and after a few months she resigned for reasons of health. She now openly opposes the Sandinistas. Chamorro's daughter Christiana, 31, also became disenchanted with the Sandinistas and left her civil service job in the press office of the Council of State two years after the Sandinistas came to power. Daughter Claudia, 30, an artist, continues to work for the Ministry of Culture, however, and is planning to study in Cuba.

As the reluctant matriarch of the divided clan, Violeta strives to keep politics out of the spacious white stone family residence in the center of Managua, a house in which other Chamorros gather regularly. "We don't discuss politics at home," she says firmly. "In this house, we are still a family." That is not always easy. Says Carlos: "Things will never be as they were before. It's hard."

But he also asserts that *La Prensa* under his brother's editorship is infiltrated by counterrevolutionaries and funded by the CIA. Pedro, meanwhile, scoffs at Carlos' belief that government censorship is necessary: "I'd like to see him be told to take out this, rewrite this, cut this. Believe me, he wouldn't like it at all." Asked to characterize this disparate brood, a family friend notes that the elder Chamorro was a man of passionate beliefs and considerable complexity. He observes: "No one child is exactly like the father. To me, it's as if each child inherited one facet of his personality."

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A nonsmoker might have to spend 100 hours straight in a smoky bar to inhale the equivalent of a single filter cigarette.

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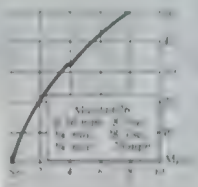

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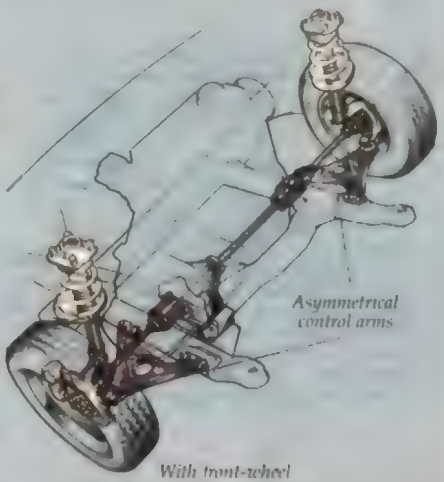

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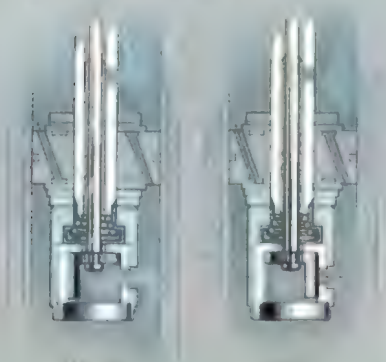

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The Most Dangerous Game

Washington lends its muscle to a disunited, ragtag army

Rafael Centeno Montoya, 30, was outraged by the way the Sandinistas treated Pope John Paul II during his visit to Managua last March. So Centeno left his family, one horse and five mules and joined the rebels. "Pecos Bill," 29, abandoned his 27,000-acre ranch and 2,500 cattle because, as a former second lieutenant in Dictator Anastasio Somoza's National Guard, he feared reprisals after the Sandinistas took over. Maria Cristina Cuadra, 17, first ran into trouble after she was caught pulling down pictures of Revolutionary Heroes Augusto César Sandino and Carlos Fonseca. Afraid she might be forced to serve in the Sandinista militia, she too decided to join the insurgents.

President Reagan has praised them as "freedom fighters." But this motley band of rebels is best known by the label that their opponents, the Sandinistas, use: *contras* (counterrevolutionaries). In the 18 months sinee the *contras* began their organized military offensive, they have come to play a pivotal role in the Reagan Administration's campaign to put pressure on Nicaragua and check Soviet and Cuban influence in Central America.

The extent of U.S. involvement in the *contras'* hit-and-run war against the Sandinista government was underscored last week by a report from Managua that Nicaraguan troops had shot down a U.S. registered DC-3 airplane carrying supplies to insurgents. Though U.S. officials will not acknowledge any role in the fighting, it is no secret that the CIA has played a crucial part in financing and supplying the *contras*. If the White House has its way, U.S. aid will continue in the coming months.

Though the *contras* are united in the goal of bringing down the Sandinistas, they are divided in their strategy and objectives. At least four coalition groups are competing for political power, international attention and U.S. funds.

With at least five camps in Honduras and an army of about 6,000, the Nicaraguan Democratic Force (F.D.N.) is the largest *contra* faction and the biggest recipient of the funds the CIA has earmarked for the war. F.D.N. leaders say that the overwhelming majority of their followers are peasants who have become disillusioned by the Sandinista revolution and that only 3% are former members of Somoza's National Guard. But the presence of ex-guardsmen in the F.D.N.'s military command has allowed the Sandinistas to paint the *contras* as reactionaries who only want to bring back the dictatorship. Last week, in an effort to improve its image, the F.D.N. named Adolfo Calero Portocarrero, former president of the Nicaraguan Chamber of Commerce, as its president and commander in chief.

MISURA represents the Miskito, Sumo and Rama Indians of Nicaragua's Atlantic coast. The coalition and a second Indian faction, known as MISURASATA, have opposed efforts by the Sandinistas to turn communal Indian property into state holdings and to relocate entire villages. Says MISURA Leader Steadman Fagoth Müller: "We want to be left alone." The group draws recruits from among the 13,500 Indians living across the border in Honduran refugee camps, but, according to Fagoth, his insurgents are so ill-equipped that they must go into battle with as little as 30 rounds of ammunition.

The smallest of the *contra* factions, the Nicaraguan Democratic Union, and its military wing, the Nicaraguan Revolutionary Armed Forces, are composed primarily of businessmen, labor leaders and students who originally were allied with the Sandinistas in the fight against Somoza. Like the F.D.N. and MISURA, they have been using bases in Honduras to challenge the Sandinistas' northern border.

Last April a fourth *contra* group, the Democratic Revolutionary Alliance (ARDE), opened a second front along Nicaragua's border with Costa Rica. ARDE is a coalition of four organizations led by Edén Pastora, a Sandinista war hero who quit as a member of Nicaragua's government in 1981 and left the country because he thought the Sandinistas had "betrayed the revolution." Pastora's army has grown from 300 last April to about 2,000. Unlike the northern *contras*, who do not have any sizable base within Nicaragua, ARDE currently controls a 30-mile-long stretch of land on the San Juan River.

JOHN DUNCANSON

Pastora at his San Juan River camp

A hero disillusioned with the Sandinistas.

Pastora claims that he has not directly received "one penny" from the U.S. But TIME has learned that Israel has been supplying him with arms captured from the Palestine Liberation Organization. The CIA may also be channeling funds and equipment to Pastora through El Salvador, which last month may have served as a base for ARDE air attacks on Nicaragua.

Members of some of the rival groups met in Caracas, Venezuela, last month to discuss the possibility of future military coordination, but the momentum toward unity has not continued. The main stumbling block appears to be Pastora, who insists that the F.D.N. purge its military leadership of all former National Guardsmen. Pastora also wants to be recognized as undisputed leader of the *contras*. As he told TIME, "The other organizations have to join us, operate by our laws and under our political beliefs."

The Reagan Administration says it is satisfied with what the *contras* have accomplished, despite their divisions and discord. Officials credit the rebels' pressure and U.S. military maneuvers in the region for the Sandinistas' new interest in seeking a regional peace settlement. They also say that Nicaraguan assistance for the rebels in El Salvador, which the U.S. has found difficult to prove publicly, has diminished in recent months because the Sandinistas are too busy at home to meddle in their neighbors' affairs. But the gambit is risky. Nicaraguan Defense Minister Humberto Ortega warned last week that if the *contras* step up their attacks, Sandinista forces would pursue them to the border areas of Honduras and Costa Rica. If so, the "covert" war could become even more overt than it already is. —***By John Kohan. Reported by Martha Honey/ San José and Peter Stoler/ Tegucigalpa***

NACHTWEY—BLACK STAR

A hit-and-run war: F.D.N. *contras* on patrol inside Nicaragua

POLAND

A Triumph of Moral Force

Walesa discomfits the Communists by winning a Nobel Prize

His ulcer had been acting up and no wonder. Poland's government had initiated another smear campaign against him. This time, the authorities said, he was under investigation for currency violations. Days before, the state-run television network had played a tape recording in which he could purportedly be heard discussing a $1 million foreign bank account and bemoaning the fact that he had been passed up for a Nobel Prize last year. To relieve the pressure, Lech Walesa, leader of the now banned Solidarity movement, went off with a group of friends one day last week to hunt for wild mushrooms in the woods about 50 miles from his home. But he did not find the seclusion he sought. Walesa was pursued by U.S. and West German television crews that wanted his reaction to a bit of news that he, at first, could not believe: he had just won one of the world's most prestigious honors, the Nobel Peace Prize.

The importance of the award went far beyond the $192,000 in cash or the gold medal emblazoned with an image of the award's founder, 19th century Inventor Alfred Nobel, that the winner will receive in Oslo on Dec. 10. Walesa's selection boosted the sagging morale of a movement that has been crippled since General Wojciech Jaruzelski imposed martial law in December 1981. For Poland's government, it was a stinging reminder that the world had not forgotten the ideals behind Solidarity's struggle.

In the West the selection was widely hailed. President Reagan called the choice a "triumph of moral force over brute force." Pope John Paul II commended the Nobel committee for honoring the "intent to resolve the difficult problems of the world of the worker, and of Polish society, through the peaceful means of sincere dialogue and the reciprocal cooperation of all."

The 78 other nominees this year included some strong competition: the Pope, former U.S. Middle East Negotiator Philip Habib, Nazi Hunter Simon Wiesenthal and several international organizations, like the United Nations Children's Fund. In citing its reasons for picking Walesa, the Nobel committee declared that his activities had "been characterized by a determination to solve his country's problems through negotiation and cooperation without resorting to violence." It added: "Lech Walesa's contribution is both an inspiration and an example." The committee knew its decision would create a stir. Said Chairman Egil Aarvik: "I don't expect any thanks or gratitude from the Polish authorities. But I can imagine that the attitude of the Polish people will be very different."

He was right. By the time Walesa returned to his home in the Baltic seaport of Gdansk, 1,000 supporters had already gathered outside his apartment. "Lech, Lech," they chanted as they hoisted their hero into the air. Walesa dedicated the award to the 10 million members of the outlawed Solidarity movement. He immediately promised to turn the prize money over to a fund that the Roman Catholic Church has been trying to establish for the country's farmers.

The Polish government reacted with predictable defensiveness. By the time Warsaw radio issued its first news bulletin on the subject, six hours after the award had been announced in Oslo, residents of Gdansk could see extra-heavy detachments of blue-and-gray uniformed policemen on the street. Clearly embarrassed by the choice, the government charged that the West was attempting to provoke unrest in Poland. In a pointed attempt to denigrate the award, news bulletins claimed that past winners, including Henry Kissinger and Menachem Begin, had used the prize for political ends and not to promote peace. Said Poland's deputy government spokesman Andrzej Konopacki: "This is a political affair that depreciates the value of the Nobel Prize for the future."

The press in the Soviet Union, China, East Germany and Rumania simply ignored the news. Czechoslovakia's Communist Party newspaper, *Rude Pravo*, mentioned the award but called it a "provocative gesture" and suggested that Walesa could add the Nobel Prize's "pieces of silver" to the million dollars he was already hoarding in Western banks.

The prize came at a time when Walesa's influence seemed to be diminishing. Since his release after eleven months of internment, the government has attempted to discredit or ignore him. When Walesa met with the Pope outside Cracow last June, John Paul reportedly explained to him that his militant stand was an obstacle to improving Poland's domestic situation. Since then, Walesa has kept a low profile, shunning most demonstrations and refraining from openly challenging the regime. Similarly, Solidarity's call in August for a boycott of Warsaw's public transportation went largely unheeded.

Walesa became the second Communist-bloc citizen to receive the Nobel Peace Prize. In 1975, the Soviet government did not allow Dissident Physicist Andrei Sakharov to travel to Oslo to receive the prize in person. Would the Polish government allow Walesa to go? After initially saying that he would send his wife Danuta and thus avoid a direct confrontation with the authorities, Walesa said that the one thing holding him back was that he would feel uncomfortable "drinking champagne and celebrating" when hundreds of his countrymen are jobless or in jail for their political beliefs. His real fear, however, may be that the Polish authorities will allow him to travel to Oslo, but then not permit him to return to Poland. —*By Fred Bratman. Reported by Roland Flamini/Bonn*

Cheering supporters hoist Walesa on their shoulders after his return to Gdansk

A choice clearly embarrassing to Jaruzelski's military government.

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Thirty-One Minutes from Death

Are legal procedures in capital cases lethally arbitrary?

James David ("Cowboy") Autry, 29, spent much of last Tuesday talking calmly with a Presbyterian minister and a Roman Catholic priest at the Huntsville, Texas, prison known as The Walls. At 6:30 p.m. he was served a final meal; he had chosen an unusually mundane one of hamburger with mustard, French fries, iced tea, water, and nothing else. His court-appointed attorney, Charles Carver, arrived, and they talked of his legal prospects. But both knew there was little hope. The day before, the U.S. Supreme Court had turned down his request for a stay. The time for his execution neared. "He was prepared," recalls Carver.

Just before 11, Autry took the ten paces from his cell to a small, green-painted room and climbed voluntarily onto a wheeled hospital gurney. He was to be the second man in the U.S. executed by injection, and after he was strapped down, a prison employee inserted an IV tube into each arm. A harmless saline solution began to flow, while executioners prepared to release a fatal dose of Pavulon, potassium chloride and thiopental sodium. He lay there waiting to die at the appointed time of 12:01.

Throughout that same day, lawyers from the American Civil Liberties Union had been frantically busy. Led by Stefan Presser in Marshall, Texas, the attorneys, who were newly involved in the case, saw their petitions turned down by two state courts, then by a federal district court. Presser asked the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals to consider his motion for a stay. With no time for the parties to get together, the hearing was convened through a 68-minute conference call, with three appeals judges listening from Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas while Presser and Assistant State Attorney General Leslie Benitez talked from Marshall. The appeals court seemed mindful of the Supreme Court's growing desire to cut short apparently groundless last-minute challenges to death sentences. Shortly after 10:30 p.m. Texas time, the court rejected the petition in an eight-page opinion.

At the U.S. Supreme Court, Justice Byron White, who oversees the Fifth Circuit, was standing by for a possible new plea in the Autry case. While the circuit court's opinion was being read into a Supreme Court tape recorder, Alvin Bronstein, executive director of the A.C.L.U.'s National Prison Project, was sitting in the lobby writing out in longhand an application to stay the execution. As he wrote, the lights flickered on and off, a consequence of the drain on the building's electrical system caused by the refrigeration of historic documents in glass cases in the lobby. Only 51 minutes before the scheduled execution, a clerk handed Bronstein's two-page petition to Justice White. Twenty minutes later he issued an order for a stay. The news was flashed to Huntsville, but officials there waited until almost midnight before telling Autry about the reprieve. He was not unplugged from the IVs until 12:40. Still showing no visible emotion, he then got off the gurney and walked out of the death chamber.

Autry, inset, and anti–death penalty vigil

"What we got was a short-term victory."

Autry thus became the most vivid symbol to date of the seemingly endless legal confusion and complication that have characterized attempts to carry out the death penalty since the Supreme Court revived it in 1976. Recently, the court has sought to expedite the labyrinthine appeals process, but to little avail as yet. The Autry case seemed to be typical of how the Justices would like to see such cases handled. In 1980, Autry was sentenced to death for murdering Store Clerk Shirley Drouet, 43, in Port Arthur, Texas, when the mother of five asked him to pay $2.70 for a six-pack of beer. "Here's your $2.70," he said and shot her between the eyes. After the conviction, Autry's attorney had appeals turned down in state and federal courts. When his case reached the Supreme Court last Monday (it had been there once before), Autry's application raised a welter of arguments. But the court declined to grant a stay because fewer than four Justices indicated a belief that the issues would prove significant enough to merit a formal review. Autry would thus have died without a chance to file a fully argued petition.

Why did Justice White, who voted with the majority on Monday, grant a stay a day later? The answer is that the A.C.L.U. offered a new argument: Texas did not give Autry a "proportionality" review to determine whether his sentence was comparable in severity to similar cases in the state. Such reviews are already held in some states, and the Supreme Court has agreed to hear an appeal from California this term to determine if proportionality reviews are constitutionally necessary in every state that has capital punishment. "I cannot say that the issue lacks substance," wrote White in ordering a stay for Autry. White added a clear plea to Congress for a statute requiring prisoners to state all their federal claims in their first habeas corpus petition to the federal courts. But since that is not now the rule, the Justice concluded that he was "compelled" to issue the stay.

While Justice White's order will prolong the life of Autry and many other death-row inmates until the proportionality issue is decided, it does nothing to make future executions less likely. Says Texas Civil Liberties Union Executive Director John Duncan: "What we got was a short-term victory. I'm not at all optimistic about the long-term implications." Texas Attorney General Jim Mattox was not happy either. "It just seems to me that these considerations could have been made earlier," he said, "before you have a man strapped to the table with the saline solution going into his arms."

Certainly, the Autry affair did nothing to improve the Supreme Court's reputation for orderly decision making. And it left some death-penalty proponents impatient. Outside the Huntsville prison Tuesday night, a crowd made up partly of boozy collegians had gathered (one placard: WE PAY FOR OUR BEER; NOW IT'S TIME FOR AUTRY TO PAY FOR HIS), and news of the stay was greeted with boos and chants of "Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!" Candle-bearing opponents of capital punishment applauded the outcome. Still, critics on both sides of the issue were disturbed by a process that appears to have become lethally arbitrary. "Here was the same human being before the same court," said Presser after catching his breath. "On Monday, because he didn't invoke the right words and the right theory, the court was going to let him die. Then he said the right words, and the court gave him life." —*By Michael S. Serrill. Reported by Hays Gorey/Washington and David S. Jackson/Houston*

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Debunking Dinosaur Myths

An expert on the "terrible lizard" separates fact from fiction

Nothing irks Edwin Colbert more than the widespread notion that dinosaurs were lumbering dimwits too big and clumsy to cope with their environment. "A canard," snaps Colbert. "Dinosaurs were not failures. They were enormously successful. They dominated the planet for 135 million years." By contrast, man is only a few million years old. Declares Colbert: "I doubt if we'll be around as long as the dinosaurs."

At 78, Colbert may be the world's premier authority on the ancient reptiles. He has devoted more than half a century to tracking down, examining and reconstructing their fossilized remains. His quest has taken him to sites as distant as the frozen wastes of Antarctica. Curator of fossil reptiles and amphibians at New York City's American Museum of Natural History for 35 years, he directed the construction of its famed dinosaur galleries. Though Colbert retired in 1970, he continues to write and lecture, showing a rare gift for bringing to life a long-dead world. Nowhere is this talent better displayed than in his latest book, *Dinosaurs: An Illustrated History* (Hammond; $30), which does much to separate paleontological fact from popular fiction.

Contrary to the public image of dinosaurs as the Edsels of evolution, says Colbert, they were extraordinarily well-adapted creatures. They inhabited every corner of the world and ranged in bulk from the chicken-size Compsognathus to the 100-ton Brachiosaurus, the largest creature ever to trod the earth. Though they plodded through swamps and shallow coastal waters, they were essentially land bound. Some ambled on all fours; others scampered after prey on their lower limbs. Some may have lived a century or more.

When these terrestrial reptiles first appeared 200 million years ago near the end of what geologists call the Triassic Period, tropical or subtropical forests covered much of the landscape. The continents were gathered in a single primordial landmass called Pangaea. Initially, the dinosaurs were relatively small and vulnerable, about the size of ponies. Many of them undoubtedly fell victim to voracious, crocodile-like reptiles called phytosaurs. But by using almost every evolutionary stratagem, they proliferated in number and diversity. Some developed thick protective plating, comparable to that of modern-day armadillos. Ankylosaurus had armor on its skull, knobby stubs over its back and legs, and possessed a tail that ended in a huge bony club. Perhaps to shed excess body heat, Stegosaurus sprouted triangular-shaped fins on its back. Thanks to such biological cunning, within only a few million years, the dinosaurs became the overlords of their antediluvian domain.

The most fearsome of these creatures were carnivores, like the ferocious Tyrannosaurus, which seems to have feasted on its fellow dinosaurs. Others, like the long-necked Brontosaurus, the archetypal dinosaur of cartoons, were gentle, browsing vegetarians. In spite of their comparatively small brains, dinosaurs were not dumb, floundering brutes. Deinonychus, for instance, was a fleet, two-footed creature with scimitar-like claws on its hind legs, grasping hands and dagger-sharp teeth. It apparently hunted in packs, in the manner of wolves. Stegoceras perhaps employed the thick dome on its skull in sexual combat, as an elk uses its horns. Dinosaurs may even have had nurturing, maternal instincts. The recent discovery in Montana of the fossilized remains of tiny baby dinosaurs only twelve inches long, near an adult of the same species, suggests that females hovered protectively over their young offspring.

Colbert with fossils; impending battle

It was in 1822 that an English fossil hunter first identified some newly discovered teeth as the detritus of extinct reptiles. (Dinosaur means "terrible lizard" in Greek.) Ever since that time, experts have been squabbling almost as furiously as did the reptiles themselves. In the 19th century, Yale's Othniel Charles Marsh and Edward Drinker Cope of Philadelphia, the leading collectors in the U.S., feuded so bitterly over fossil sites in the badlands of Wyoming that their teams came close to combat. Today the skirmishing is more genteel, although no less forceful. Some experts, for example, have contended vigorously that dinosaurs must have been warm-blooded, like mammals and birds, in order to have mustered the internal heat, or energy, for an active, land-based life. Colbert disagrees. He explains that their bulk alone would have enabled large dinosaurs to retain body heat.

Still another debate has centered on the creatures' demise, which took place 65 million years ago. Numerous explanations have been offered for the mysterious extinction: radiation from an exploding star, a reversal of the earth's magnetic field, a global epidemic, even the destruction of eggs by small mammals. Colbert, skeptical of all the theories, is especially critical of the latest and most popular explanation: the earth, struck by a giant asteroid, kicked up a huge volume of dust, reducing sunlight and killing off the plants that dinosaurs ate. Colbert points out that new finds in Montana show that the animals were dying well before the asteroid hit. Says he: "We probably shall never know why these fabulous reptiles, so long the masters of the continents, should have disappeared completely from the earth." It is the only really pessimistic, and perhaps questionable, note in this splendid retrospective account. —*By Frederic Golden*

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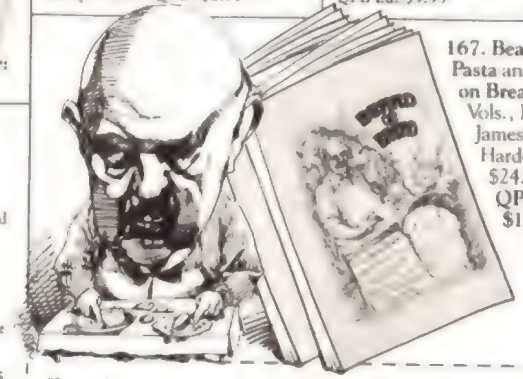

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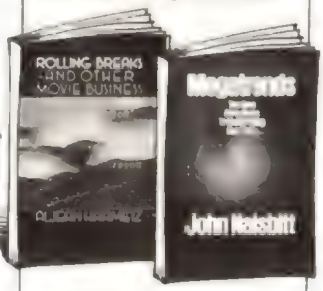

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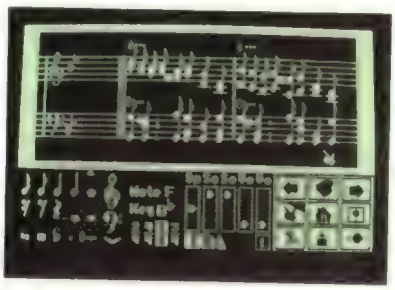
Making Music with a Joy Stick

A new program turns composing into a video game

Will Harvey, 16 and an honors student from Foster City, Calif., was singing in his high school choir one day when the idea came to him. His family did not own a piano, and he had taken no music lessons, but he thought of a simple way for people like him to learn music with a computer. Drawing on his considerable talents as a programmer, Harvey sat down with his Apple and an introductory music text and came up with a program that is making even professional musicians stand up and shout "Bravo!" Not only did Harvey master the mechanics of music composition, he made them vastly more accessible by putting them under the control of the joy stick of a home computer.

In his Music Construction Set (MCS) program ($40 for the Apple II, with Atari and Commodore 64 versions to come), the joy stick controls a movable hand on the video screen that picks up notes, sharps, clef signs and other music symbols, and sets them down on a staff. At any time, the computer will play them back so the user can hear how they sound. Up to 1,400 symbols can be displayed on two staffs, from whole notes to $^1/_{32}$ notes, from simple melodies to six-voice chords.

Harvey's program is not the first to take advantage of the microcomputer's power to create and store synthesized sound. There are at least a dozen similar products on the market, from Apple's $45 Musicomp, to alphaSyntauri's $1,995 Computer Music System, which includes full keyboard, 3,000-note memory and 16-track recording system. But no other low-cost music program makes it so easy to do so much. The key to the software's success is what the industry calls its "user interface." It avoids computerese and makes notation as simple and transparent as possible. To play the notes, the user simply points at a picture of a piano. To return to the top of a piece, he points at a picture of a home. Key signatures can be selected and music automatically transposed with the press of a button. A pair of on-screen scissors will cut out up to nine measures of music, and a little pastepot symbol will paste them down again.



Programmer Harvey at home; above, sample display from his Music Construction Set

Using an on-screen hand, scissors and pastepot, an idea that is "simple, hot and deep."

"It took me about three seconds to decide I wanted it," says W.M. ("Trip") Hawkins, president of Electronic Arts, the software publishing house handling Harvey's program. Hawkins calls MCS an example of software that is "simple, hot and deep," by which he means it is easy to use, appeals to the senses, and will hold the interest of the user, no matter how sophisticated he becomes. Jeanie Chandler, a professional flutist and music teacher from Marin County in Northern California, who was hired by Electronic Arts as a consultant on the project, says she is using MCS to play her piano accompaniments while she rehearses for an upcoming flute recital.

MCS is not without its flaws. To improve on the tinny speaker that comes installed in an Apple, users must invest an additional $100 for a plug-in sound-effects generator called a Mockingboard. (The Atari and Commodore versions will play three and four voices without any additional equipment.) Serious composers will find that the program's 1,400-symbol capacity allows them to write only about 70 measures at a time, requiring them to print out long pieces in sections. Moreover, using the program at full capacity causes the tempo of the machine to slow down, while short pieces whip by too fast for the eye to follow in detail.

Even with these caveats, experts who have seen Harvey's program think it may prove to be one of those rare pieces of software that open up the computer market to a new class of consumer. "It's both educational and entertaining," says Michele Preston, an analyst at L.F. Rothschild, Unterberg, Towbin in New York City. In fact, the program seems to be as versatile and competent as its creator. Harvey, a blond-haired Eagle Scout, not only tinkers with computers but holds down a 4.0 average at Uplands High School, played halfback on city football teams, twice took first-place honors in physics at the San Francisco Science Fair, and was elected president of the Uplands student body. He is thinking of becoming a lawyer. Says he: "My personal philosophy is to do as many things as possible as best I can." ■

End of the Ride

Severing the ARPANET

No computer system made a more tempting target for *WarGames*-style mischief than ARPANET, a Defense Department network linking 5,000 subscribers to 318 giant computers in the U.S. Operated by the Advanced Research Projects Agency to give key civilian researchers access to military computers, ARPANET could also be reached over telephone lines by anyone with a home terminal and the proper phone number. Hundreds of "tourists" have roamed through the system, many of them teen-agers who rode it like a magic carpet to computerland. The network's lines have been used for Dungeons & Dragons duels and its electronic mail system as a dating service. Far more serious, according to officials, attempts to tap into coded classified data have become increasingly bold.

Last week the Government put an end to the joyride. It broke ARPANET into two separate systems: MILNET for military users and R&DNET for civilians. It was the Government's most drastic step to date against computer penetration. "This is a military system," said one Pentagon official. "It's as if we had this expensive car and always left the keys in the ignition." ■

Zombies: Do They Exist?

Yes, says a Harvard scientist, who offers an explanation

On a brilliant day in the spring of 1980, a stranger arrived at L'Estère marketplace in Haiti's fertile Artibonite Valley. The man's gait was heavy, his eyes vacant. The peasants watched fearfully as he approached a local woman named Angelina Narcisse. She listened as he introduced himself, then screamed in horror—and recognition. The man had given the boyhood nickname of her deceased brother Clairvius Narcisse, a name that was known only to family members and had not been used since his funeral in 1962.

This incident and four others in recent years have sparked the most systematic inquiry ever made into the legendary voodoo phenomenon of zombiism. According to Haitian belief, a zombie is an individual who has been "killed" and then raised from the dead by malevolent voodoo priests known as "bocors." Though most educated Haitians deny the existence of zombies, Dr. Lamarque Douyon, Canadian-trained head of the Psychiatric Center in Port-au-Prince, has been trying for 25 years to establish the truth about the phenomenon, no easy matter in a land where the line between myth and reality is faintly drawn. More recently, Douyon has been joined in his search by Harvard Botanist E. Wade Davis. Next month Davis is publishing a paper on his findings in the *Journal of Ethnopharmacology*. His startling conclusion: "Zombiism exists and is a societal phenomenon that can be explained logically."

Douyon set the stage for Davis' study by foraying into rural Haiti, where he met with purported zombies and fearsome bocors. At least 15 individuals who had been branded zombies by terrified peasants turned out to be victims of epilepsy, mental retardation, insanity or alcoholism. The case of Clairvius Narcisse, however, gave Douyon good evidence. Medical records showed he was declared dead in 1962 at Albert Schweitzer Hospital, an American-run institution in Deschapelles. Yet more than 200 people recognized him after his reappearance.

The best explanation, Douyon believed, was that Narcisse had been poisoned in such a way that his vital signs could not be detected. The psychiatrist obtained a sample of a coma-inducing toxin from a bocor. The poison is apparently used to punish individuals who have transgressed the will of their community or family. Narcisse, for example, said that he had been "killed" by his brothers for refusing to go along with their plan to sell the family land. Ti-Femme, a female zombie also under study by Douyon, had been poisoned for refusing to marry the man her family had chosen for her and for bearing another man's child.

BERNARD DIEDERICH

Narcisse near his "grave"; inset, pointing to a scar made by a coffin nail

From puffer fish and a New World toad, a coma-inducing potion.

Douyon sent a quantity of the zombie potion to the U.S., where it came to Davis' attention. An expert on tribal uses of plants, Davis flew to Haiti and began collecting his own samples. "The principal ingredients are consistent in three of four localities," he reports in his paper. Several plants containing skin irritants are used, a charred human bone is thrown in just for show, but the active ingredients are a large New World toad *(Bufo marinus)* and one or more species of puffer fish. The toad, Davis reports, is a "veritable chemical factory," containing hallucinogens, powerful anesthetics and chemicals that affect the heart and nervous system. The fish is more potent still, containing a deadly nerve poison called tetrodotoxin.

To learn how these poisons might relate to zombiism, Davis turned to an unlikely source: Japanese medical literature. Every year a number of Japanese suffer tetrodotoxin poisoning as a result of eating incorrectly prepared puffer fish, the great delicacy *fugu*. Davis found that entire Japanese case histories "read like accounts of zombification." Indeed, nearly every symptom reported by Narcisse and his doctors is described, from the initial difficulty breathing to the final paralysis, glassy-eyed stare and yet the retention of mental faculties. In at least two cases, Japanese victims were declared dead but recovered before they could be buried. Japanese reports confirmed what Davis was told by the bocors: the effect of the poison depends on the dosage; too much will kill "too completely," and resuscitation will be impossible. Even with the correct dose, the bocors said, a zombie must be exhumed within about eight hours or will be lost, presumably to asphyxiation.

How zombies are revived from their deathlike comas remains a mystery. Both Davis and Douyon heard stories about a graveyard ritual in which the bocor pounds on the earth and awakens the victim, but neither was able to witness it. Davis did learn that upon reviving, the zombie is force-fed a paste made of sweet potato and datura, a plant known to Haitians as zombie cucumber. Datura, says Davis, is "one of the most potent hallucinogenic plants known." Thus the zombie is led away in a state of intoxication, usually to work as a slave. Narcisse, who spent several years as a slave on a sugar plantation, reports that zombies do not make very good workers. Says he: "The slightest chore required great effort." He reports that his senses were so distorted that the smallest stream seemed a wide and unfordable sea, as though "my eyes were turned in."

Davis has sent samples of the zombie potion to laboratories in Europe and the U.S., where in one experiment it induced a trancelike state in rats. Such research in the past led to the discovery of curare, an arrow poison from the Amazon now used to paralyze muscles during surgery. Tetrodotoxin may also one day find its place in the medical armamentarium. "People who have lived in the tropics for centuries have learned things about plants and animals that we have not fathomed," says Richard Evan Schultes, head of Harvard's renowned Botanical Museum. "We must not leave any stone unturned, or their secrets will be lost."

LISS—GAMMA LIAISON

Botanist Davis

—*By Claudia Wallis. Reported by Bernard Diederich/Port-au-Prince*

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—Ron Gidwitz, President,
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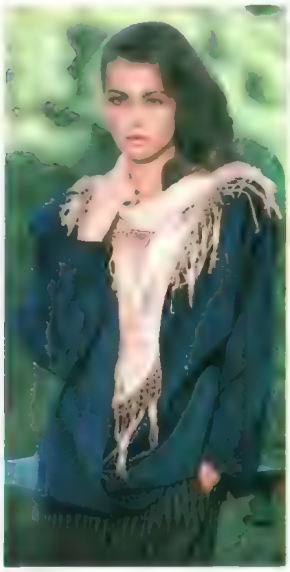
People

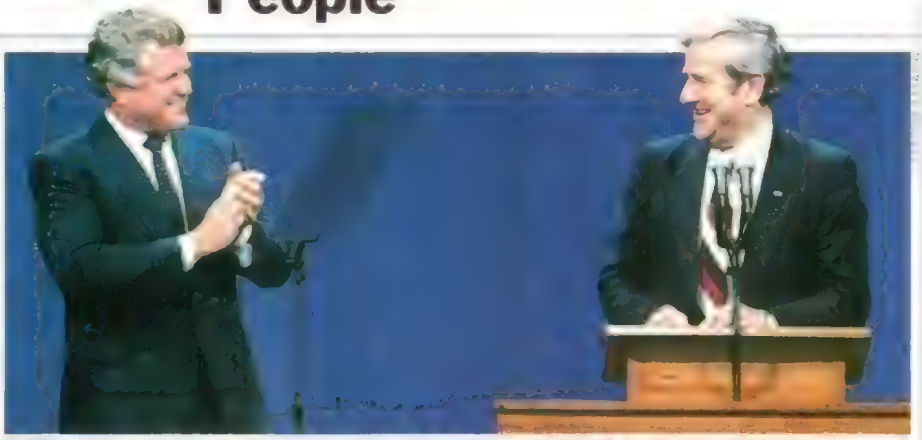
Shortly after she finished filming the spy thriller *Gorky Park* in Finland and Sweden, Polish Actress **Joanna Pacula,** 25, began mastering the fearsome Los Angeles freeways ("My car is like my purse, you have to take it everywhere") and polishing her English before a promotion tour to plug the movie, which will be released in December. Pacula plays Irina, a Siberian dissident who gets mixed up with a triple murder in the park and then falls in love with a Soviet detective, played by **William Hurt.** After such a heavy role, she says, "I'd like to do a romantic comedy." What is the difference between acting in the U.S. and acting in her homeland? "In Poland, it's just a wonderful job," she says. "Here it's power."



Pacula: romantic yearning

■

It all began with a mistake. Senator **Ted Kennedy,** 51, was mailed a recruiting letter by the Moral Majority, the 4 million-member right-wing faction headed by the Rev. **Jerry Falwell,** 50, his archfoe. When word of the embarrassing gaffe leaked out, the organization good-naturedly invited the Massachusetts liberal to speak at Liberty Baptist College, the group's education stronghold in Lynchburg, Va. Although Kennedy got along well personally with Falwell, he strongly challenged the views of his hosts in an excellent speech (largely written by his press secretary, Robert Shrum). Said Kennedy: "The controversy about the Moral Majority arises not only from its views, but from its name—which, in the minds of many, seems to imply that only one set of public policies is moral and only one majority can possibly be right." He added, "If the right to express ideas is denied, at some future day the torch can be turned against any other book or any other belief. Let us never forget: today's Moral Majority could become tomorrow's persecuted minority."



Political odd couple: Senator Kennedy and Moral Majority Leader Falwell at Liberty Baptist College

■

Truman played the piano. Ford skied. Johnson rode horses. But **Jimmy Carter,** 59, had a more practical way of taking his mind off the pressures of the Oval Office: woodworking. Carter's down-home handicraft was on display last week at the highbrow address of Sotheby Parke Bernet in Manhattan. The occasion was an auction to raise funds for the Carter Presidential Library and the Carter Center of Emory University in Atlanta. The auction, which netted $320,000, featured two pairs of ladderback hickory chairs handcrafted by Carter last summer. Anonymous buyers purchased one pair for $21,000 and the other for $20,000. Not exactly peanuts.

Carter: carving for cash

■

In the beginning there was *Playboy*, then came raunchy *Penthouse*, and now, for the man who is ready to settle down, there's *One Woman*, a quarterly that will faithfully—and exhaustively—show a single dream girl. The sexy subject of *One Woman's* 96-page premier issue, to be on newsstands for $3.50 next week, is **Morgan Fairchild,** 33, best known as the bitchy bombshell on TV's *Flamingo Road*. Six photographers portray Fairchild in relatively modest poses and attire. In a variety of interviews, Fairchild is only slightly more revealing, disclosing that she likes older men and as a youth was a "dumpy little pudgy-faced kid, with white hair and big glasses." Talk about aging gracefully. —*By Guy D. Garcia*

Actress Morgan Fairchild as the ultimate dream girl in the pages of *One Woman* magazine

Video Games Go Crunch!

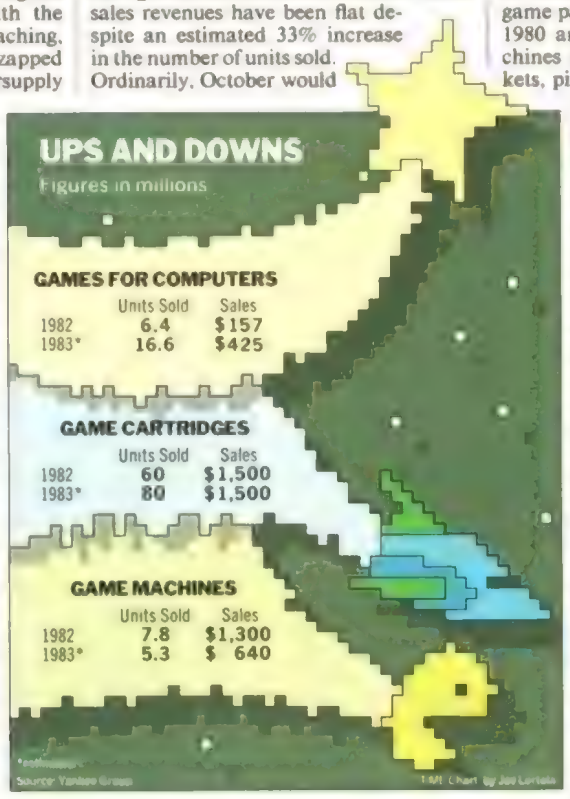
As the Christmas season nears, once thriving makers struggle for survival

The imaginary world of video games has always been a treacherous place, full of alien star cruisers, speeding asteroids, menacing centipedes and ravenous Pac-Men. Such dangers, however, are hardly more fearsome than the real-world disasters now battering the manufacturers of the games. With the crucial Christmas season approaching, the once thriving industry is being zapped by overheated competition, an oversupply of games, relentless price-cutting, plunging profits and a new finickiness among young video fans. For the dozens of companies in the contest, the name of the game has suddenly become Survival. Admits President William Grubb of Imagic, which makes Demon Attack and Cosmic Ark: "Our industry is in chaos."

Warner Communications' Atari, which pioneered home video games with such classics as Space Invaders and Asteroids, has lost $356 million so far this year, dropped 3,000 employees from its payroll of 10,000 and finished moving all its manufacturing facilities to Hong Kong and Taiwan. Plagued partly by sluggish sales of Intellivision games, the electronics division of Mattel has run a $201 million deficit in 1983, while laying off 37% of its 1,800-member work force. Activision estimated that it lost $3 million to $5 million in the past three months despite scoring hits with its new Enduro and Robot Tank games. At Bally, the leading manufacturer of arcade video machines, profits are off 85%.

For the industry leaders the crunch arrived with spaceship speed. Until last year Atari and Mattel were the major competitors. Between 1979 and 1982 their profits surged from less than $80 million to $471 million, and the potential seemed unlimited. But their triumphs attracted a fleet of market invaders, including Coleco, Imagic, CBS, 20th Century-Fox, Parker Bros, Milton Bradley and Avalon Hill. By the end of last year, at least 30 firms were in the battle.

Game sales continued to be brisk, but they were not growing fast enough to match the explosion of supply. Retailers, overestimating demand, ordered far too many games and then watched the cartridges pile up on their shelves. The industry now has an inventory of some 35 million games, or more than half the number sold all last year. "Everybody's expectations were too high," says Frank O'Connell, president of Fox Video Games. To keep the stock moving, stores are slashing prices. Games that sold for $30 last year now go for as little as $5.99. As a result, sales revenues have been flat despite an estimated 33% increase in the number of units sold. Ordinarily, October would be the time for stores to stockpile games for Christmas, but retailers are holding back because they are already overloaded.



Slow-selling inventories, price discounts and huge advertising costs have caused the manufacturers' profits to vaporize. Industry experts predict that perhaps one-fourth of the video-game competitors will go out of business. Says Michael Ayers, director of corporate communications at Activision: "A lot of guys who got in for the fast buck are going to disappear." Some firms have already flashed the GAME OVER sign. Quaker Oats closed its U.S. Games division in April after a year in the market. "None of our games became a hit," says Spokesman Ronald Bottrell. "Instead of pouring in a lot more capital, we decided to drop it." Data Age, a small company in California's Silicon Valley, filed for Chapter 11 protection under the bankruptcy laws after video fans showed little enthusiasm for such games as Bugs and Sssnake.

A similar shake-out is happening on the arcade scene. The number of video-game parlors more than doubled between 1980 and 1982, to 10,000, and the machines popped up in motels, supermarkets, pizza joints and college dorms. The concentration of players in the once teeming arcades, however, has become increasingly sparse, and at least 2,000 of the parlors have closed down this year. In Los Angeles, where the competition is particularly fierce, some arcades are selling eight game-playing tokens for $1 instead of the usual four. Christopher Kirby, a consumer-electronics analyst for the Sanford C. Bernstein investment firm in New York City predicts that one-fourth of the arcades still open in the U.S. will be forced out of business within a few years. Sales of new machines to the parlors have stalled. Ira Bettelman, vice president of a major arcade-game distributor in Los Angeles, complains of being burdened with inventories of "flops," like Congo Bongo, which he now sells for 40% of its original $2,500 price.

The market for home video games may also be approaching a saturation point. Even some incorrigible joy-stick junkies are getting a bit jaded. Says Rawson Stovall, 11, an Abilene, Texas, sixth-grader who writes a weekly newspaper column for the Universal Press Syndicate under the name Vid Kid: "A lot of manufacturers flooded the market with some poor products. My friends are confused and disappointed by all of the stuff out there. A lot of the games are just not very exciting any more."

While trying to keep customers excited, the video-game industry is being buffeted by the boom in home computers, which can be used to play electronic games. Price wars have pushed the cost of some home computers, including models from Commodore and Texas Instruments, below $200. As a result, Atari and Mattel machines that do nothing but play games are becoming less attractive and must often be discounted. An Atari 2600 game player, which once cost $150, is now available for as little as $59.95.

An arcade in Sherman Oaks, Calif., after school hours: too many machines, not enough players and competition from home computers

Says the Vid Kid. "A lot of manufacturers flooded the market with some poor products. My friends are confused and disappointed."

To fight back, video-game leaders have forged into the home-computer business. Atari's line (priced from $199 to $399) has captured 15% of the market, but Mattel's Aquarius ($85 to $100), unveiled last year, is selling poorly. Wall Street has been enthusiastic about Coleco's Adam computer, scheduled to reach stores this month. Besides being able to play Donkey Kong and Zaxxon, the $600 Adam system includes a high-speed memory, a built-in program for editing text and a letter-quality printer. Before now, assembling a computer system with Adam's features would have cost at least $1,000. Adam's prospects have been clouded, however, by a *Wall Street Journal* article two weeks ago contending that the computer did not work as well as promised. Last week a Coleco shareholder sued the company, claiming its officers had concealed serious production problems.

Many companies have avoided the hazards of building computer hardware and concentrated on the games themselves. The strategy at Parker Bros. is to sell multiple versions of games that can be played on a wide variety of machines. Says Parker Bros. Executive Vice President Richard Stearns: "Trying to decide which systems will survive and which will be dinosaurs is a volatile and risky guessing game." The company's new $28-to-$40 Q*Bert game, which was designed to be used in eight different computers or cartridge players, jumped to No. 1 on *Billboard's* Top 25 video-game chart within two months of its release.

None of the newest home video games, however, seem to be blockbusters in the same league as Atari's alltime champ Pac-Man, which came out 19 months ago and has sold more than 7 million cartridges at up to $40. "The day of the big hit looks to be over," says Spencer Boise, a Mattel vice president. Teen-agers seem to be growing weary of watching blips bounce around on a screen and are demanding more imaginative games with greater realism.

One may have already arrived. At scores of arcades, which have always been the proving ground for new games, players are lining up to try their luck at Dragon's Lair. Unlike any of its predecessors, the game uses a laser video disc to project a movie-like color picture. By wielding a joy stick and mashing a button, a player can direct his own animated cartoon, in which the hero, Dirk the Daring, tries to kill villains, elude traps and slay the dreaded dragon in a gallant quest to rescue the king's imprisoned daughter. Arcades have ordered some 10,000 of the games at an average price of $4,300 in little more than three months. Ironically, Dragon's Lair is being manufactured by Cinematronics of El Cajon, Calif., an ailing company that has been reorganizing under Chapter 11 for the past year. The firm's president, Jim Pierce, says that Dirk the Daring may save Cinematronics along with the king's daughter.

But Dirk will have rivals in the arcades. Data East USA has begun shipping a laser video-disc game called Bega's Battle, in which a superhero must save the world from destruction by fending off fireballs and dragons. Also expected to reach the arcades soon is Mylstar Electronics' M.A.C.H. 3, which stands for Military Air Command Hunter. The game puts the player in the cockpit of a fighter or bomber, and the laser disc projects film footage of terrain passing below, while the computer generates graphics representing enemy tanks, bridges and factories, which the pilot tries to destroy.

New hope: a laser video-disc adventure

Coleco has bought the rights to produce a home version of Dragon's Lair and hopes to have it ready some time next year. Some companies, however, think the technology of bringing laser video-disc games into the home may be tricky. Says Parker Bros.' Stearns: "We very much want to participate in the laser video-disc market, and we're exploring it. But to rush headlong into this area when the hardware hasn't been perfected would be foolish."

Video-game enthusiasts contend that the industry is in its infancy, like Hollywood in the silent-movie era. Says Clive Smith, an electronics-industry expert at the Yankee Group consulting firm in Boston: "The previous generation of video games was primitive compared with what is coming. This is not a fad. Interactive electronic entertainment is here to stay." Smith thinks that the wizards behind the special effects in today's movies could become the star video-game designers of tomorrow. If that happens, he says, the games will be "very, very lucrative."

Maybe so, but for now the industry faces a rough passage through perilous times. With dozens of companies trying to make the journey, the casualties are bound to be heavy. —*By Charles P. Alexander. Reported by Lisa Towle/Boston and Richard Woodbury/Los Angeles*

Los Angeles strikers protesting the policies of Continental's Lorenzo, inset

No Break in the Turbulence

Strife at Eastern and Continental shakes the airline industry

In Washington, customers of the Thomas Cook travel agency refused to fly on Eastern Air Lines. In Manhattan, clerks at the bustling Avos agency on Fifth Avenue stopped writing tickets for Continental Air Lines. In Houston, passengers had to pass through picket lines on their way to flights. All across the U.S. last week, the normally routine business of air travel was suddenly overtaken by confusion and uncertainty. "People are scared," said Kathy Prezas, manager of Chicago's Apollo Travel. "They used to choose an airline for its food, or fares, or times. Now they are deciding which carrier to take by guessing which ones will be flying."

The chaos stemmed largely from labor strife at Continental and Eastern, two of the largest and most financially troubled airlines. Continental (1982 revenues: $1.4 billion), which lost $84 million in the first half of 1983, was struck by its pilots and flight attendants on Oct. 1 after it had first filed for protection from creditors under bankruptcy laws and then ordered its workers to take pay cuts that in some cases exceeded 50%. At Eastern (1982 revenues: $3.76 billion), where losses reached $128.9 million during the three quarters that ended last month, Chairman Frank Borman gave employees an ultimatum: accept wage reductions of 15% by Oct. 12, or Eastern would also file for bankruptcy. In addition, Eastern's more than 5,000 flight attendants were set to strike the Miami-based carrier unless it agreed to a new contract by Oct. 12.

During the week, Continental Chairman Frank Lorenzo, looking weary and discouraged, shuttled between Denver and Houston for what proved to be unproductive talks with striking pilots. A crew shortage forced Continental to defer its plans to add ten flights to the 158 remaining on its schedule. Pilots who had crossed picket lines were already flying at the rate of 83 hours a month, well under the federally mandated limit of 100 but still some 28 hours more than Continental's pre-strike average. In view of the turmoil throughout the industry, the Federal Aviation Administration stepped up its safety inspections at the Houston-based carrier and other airlines. "There have been no safety violations so far," said FAA Administrator J. Lynn Helms of conditions at Continental.

The strikebound airline kept its flights about two-thirds full by offering $75 one-way rates between any two nonstop points that it serves. Furthermore, it announced an extension of the discount fares, which few other carriers have sought to match, until Oct. 22. Said Gladys Henn, 68, before boarding a Cleveland-bound Continental jet in Houston: "If the pilot is flying this thing, he's got his life in his hands too. I have to feel safe, or I wouldn't get on."

At Eastern, one hopeful sign emerged late in the week when Borman abruptly dropped his ultimatum. The action followed a series of labor-management talks prompted by former U.S. Labor Secretary William Usery Jr., whom Eastern had hired as a consultant. Eastern agreed during the sessions to retain a pair of outside advisers to examine its financial woes and propose solutions. The move was welcomed by the carrier's unions.

The uncertainty about Eastern's future led four Florida-based ocean cruise lines to cancel more than 3,500 bookings on Eastern flights, worth some $1.2 million. The reservations, to bring cruise passengers to Miami for embarkation, were switched to other carriers. Said an executive of a rival airline: "Frank Borman's invocation of bankruptcy could become a self-fulfilling prophecy."

Union leaders, notably Henry Duffy, president of the Air Line Pilots Association, continued to call last week for a return to regulation. Some unions want Congress to mandate a floor on ticket prices to prevent destructive fare wars and keep low-cost, nonunion carriers like People Express from flying off with more business. Hard-pressed airlines like Minneapolis-based Republic, which lost $106

Nonunion employees rallying in Atlanta in support of Eastern's Borman, inset

"People are deciding which carrier to take by guessing which ones will be flying."

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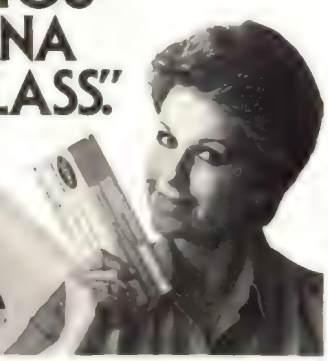

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Cinema

Raking Up the Autumn Leavings

Seven films for fall, from Bond to Beyond

STREAMERS

David Rabe's war play *Streamers* takes place in a kind of boot camp on the border of national psychosis. Here boredom sinks into despair; high spirits become hysterics; the killer instinct can flare with switchblade speed. Set in 1965, *Streamers* was written soon after the 1975 fall of Saigon, and Rabe's dialogue glows with the white heat of hindsight. His four young draftees are doomed from the start, either by their blithe ignorance of the horror to come or by their premonition of it. Though they never leave their Virginia Army base, they are treading blindly through a field of moral land mines.

Seven years later, through Director Robert Altman's camera eye, we can see that *Streamers* is only incidentally about Viet Nam. Men do not need a war to touch their heart of darkness. Rabe seems to suggest; the threat of human intimacy is provocation enough. Are they men like Billy (Matthew Modine), a fresh-faced lad with a college education? Or Richie (Mitchell Lichtenstein), an upper-class homosexual with a taste for taunt? Or Roger (David Alan Grier), a sweet-natured black who deflects each insult with a shrug? Or Carlyle (Michael Wright), the slum-bred black spoiling for a quick apocalypse? Doesn't matter. When the crisis comes, they will be as surprised as the paratrooper whose chute just wouldn't open.

Michael Wright

Altman's principal actors won (and deserved) an ensemble award at last month's Venice Film Festival; but Wright's is the star presence here. He curls his lips around Carlyle's jive slurs until they are twisted into madhouse poetry. He glides through the barracks like a hipster on a death mission. Charlie Parker, meet Charlie Manson. Carlyle is the creepily irresistible spirit of all wars, hot and cold, global and interior, war without end, amen. —*By Richard Corliss*

NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN

What's this? James Bond sipping parsley tea? Subjecting himself to herbal colonics? True, all too true, in *Never Say Never Again*. Since he is incarnated (actually, of course, reincarnated) by Sean Connery, now 53, the film's promising premise is that the free world's all-pro free safety has lost a step or two in his duel with the forces of evil, and requires a rehabilitating stay at a health spa before he can once again be licensed to kill in his formerly youthful and exuberant manner.

Not to worry though. He has scarcely settled into his uncomfortable regimen before he has bedded one of his therapists and received his first hints of the international conspiracy that will preoccupy him for the rest of this loose-jointed remake of *Thunderball*. Once again, the scenario has something to do with the theft of nuclear warheads and their use as a blackmail weapon. The plot's mastermind is played with silky, neurotic charm by Klaus Maria Brandauer (so fine in *Mephisto*), while as his chief *agent provocateur*, Barbara Carrera deftly parodies all the fatal femmes who have slithered through Bond's career. And it is good to see Connery's grave stylishness in this role again. It makes Bond's cynicism and opportunism seem the product of genuine worldliness (and world weariness) as opposed to Roger Moore's mere twirpishness.

Sean Connery

Still, Director Irvin Kershner allows the film to run on too long and too predictably. And, much too quickly, Screenwriter Lorenzo Semple Jr. sets aside all considerations of the toll that age may have taken on its hero. It would have been funny (and perhaps even touching) to see him run out of breath in the midst of a chase. Or, when 007 hit the sack, have him reach for a good book instead of a bad blond. —*By Richard Schickel*

HANNA K.

How do you survive? the Israeli lawyer is asked. "Like everyone else in this country, with passion. Passions." *Hanna K.* is a passionless film about passions—the Israelis' passion to endure while surrounded by the barbed wire of Arab hostility, the Palestinians' passion to reclaim their homeland, the passion of one woman for justice and a fair measure of self-respect. Hanna Kaufman (Jill Clayburgh) is an American Jew who has come to Israel to practice law. Her first major client, a young Palestinian (Muhamad Bakri) caught sneaking into Israel, is attempting to secure legal right to the house he lived in as a boy. Prodded by her estranged husband (Jean Yanne) and provoked by the state prosecutor (Gabriel Byrne), by whom she has become pregnant, Hanna

Jill Clayburgh

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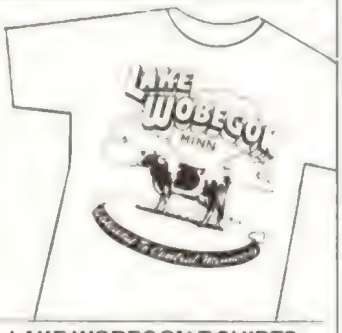

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Cinema

stands her ground, and nearly digs her own grave. By the end she is a spiritual sibling to Kafka's Joseph K.—a displaced person in a land where everyone tries to be reasonable and nothing makes sense.

Writer Franco Solinas (*The Battle of Algiers*) and Director Costa-Gavras (*Z*) know how to use movie archetypes to manipulate political loyalties. The Israeli prosecutor has the superior smile of a bureaucrat conquistador. The Palestinian is tall, thin, suntanned, nice to babies; and he has unflinching crystal blue eyes (would they lie to you?). And yet, the film bends over backward to seem fair to its swarm of social and personal ambiguities. The result is a well-meaning muddle that refuses to come alive. The pace is languid when it ought to fall into the march step of melodrama. *Hanna K.* does boast what may be a film first: an infant's circumcision, in closeup. It is not the only moment in the movie when the viewer is provoked to sit up and wince. —*R.C.*

BRAINSTORM

Say this for *Brainstorm:* it offers no visible evidence of desperation. This is remarkable in that its star, Natalie Wood, died before shooting was completed. As a result, MGM/UA tried to abandon the film, over the protests of Director Douglas Trumbull and the insurers.

Say this against *Brainstorm:* it bears no sign of a highly mobilized imagination at work. Wood's death cannot be blamed. Her role as the estranged wife of a research scientist appears to have been intrinsically sketchy and secondary; she is present on the relatively few occasions when the film seems to require her. The problem lies with the scientist and his research. He is played by Christopher Walken with a charmless introspectiveness that seems perversely calculated to put the audience off. He and Colleague Louise Fletcher (who is unpersuasive as a threat to his marriage, incidentally) have developed a Rube Goldberg earmuff device that permits the transfer of thoughts and feelings from one brain to another.

Natalie Wood

The scientists believed they were working for the good of mankind, conveniently forgetting that their contract was with the military-industrial complex, which ultimately asserts its claims to the invention. The climactic scuffle is suspenseless; the movie's mind trips, when people are wired into the machine, are peculiarly disappointing since Trumbull has a justified reputation (*2001, Close Encounters of the Third Kind*) as a brilliant special-effects man. *Brainstorm* is a jumble, not because it must compensate for a tragedy but because it cannot compensate for its own lack of clear purpose and forceful dramatic structure. —*R.S.*

BEYOND THE LIMIT

An alcoholic Englishman whose decency the tropic sun cannot bleach out (Michael Caine); a defrocked priest who yet retains his vocation (Joaquin de Almeida); a policeman whose cynicism is not immune to humane sympathies (Bob Hoskins); an innocent who discovers that life is not as simple to judge as its ideological surfaces seem to promise (Richard Gere). Here is Graham Greene's basic cast, grown rather too familiar before he lined them all up again for his 1973 novel *The Honorary Consul*. Christopher Hampton's adaptation stresses the book's flaws while diminishing the atmospherics and the behavioral quirkiness that gave it fitful life. The principals all seem uncomfortably miscast, and the direction by John Mackenzie (*The Long Good Friday*) is classy-dull. Good intentions a good siesta make. —*R.S.*

Richard Gere

LONELY HEARTS

A middle-aged piano tuner is freed of his lifelong devotion to his mother when she dies; a sexually timid woman leaves her overprotective parents and sets up a small life of her own; a dating service introduces them, and their halting romance is constantly put off course by a variety of modest mishaps. This Australian film is rescued from total self-effacement by the vulnerability and believability of Norman Kaye and Wendy Hughes in the central roles. Director Paul Cox knows that in life, as opposed to the movies, the first pen you grab is always dry, significant emotional activities are often interrupted by whimpering dogs, important dialogue is often delivered by someone chomping on an empty Styrofoam cup. These asides drain the sentimentality out of the movie, granting it a surprising singularity. —*R.S.*

KOYAANISQATSI

Welcome to *History of the World, Part II*. When you begin your 87-min. movie with the volcanic birth pangs of creation and end it with a space capsule that falls to earth like the last dying star, no one is likely to accuse you of undue modesty. Novice Director Godfrey Reggio pours thousands of images over the moviegoer: helicopter shots of rolling hills and fields, slow-motion filming of buildings being demolished, streams of cars and pedestrians in a big hurry to get nowhere. There is no narration, only the intoxicating drone of Composer Philip Glass's score. The film's title (rhymes with coy honest Nazi) is a Hopi word meaning "life out of balance"; but the Manichaean juxtaposition of nature (good) and civilization (bad) need not be taken too seriously. Enjoy the picture instead as the ravishing prototype for an avant-garde MTV. —*R.C.*

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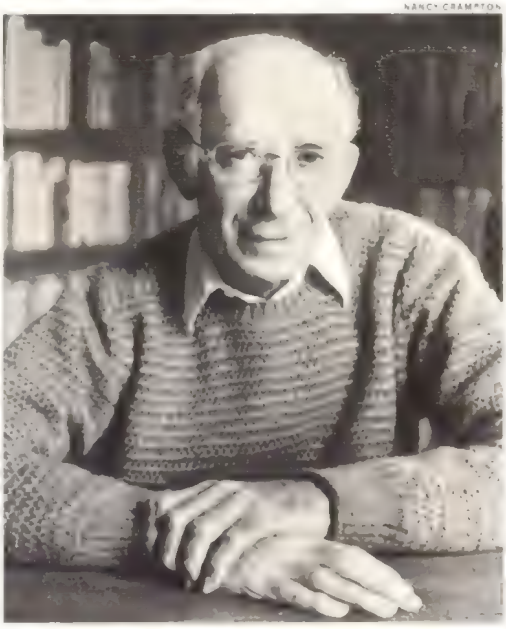
Heroism Without Sentiment

THE STORIES OF BERNARD MALAMUD
by Bernard Malamud; Farrar Straus Giroux; 350 pages; $17.95

Sprinters do not ordinarily sign up for marathons, nor do lonely long-distance runners enter the crush of 100-yard dashes. But some authors perform an analogous feat by writing both short stories and novels. Instead of being complimented on their versatility, though, they frequently encounter a peculiar problem: facing themselves as competitors. Choices, so the assumption goes, must be made. Which Hemingway is the ultimate winner, the one who broke so many tapes in *In Our Time* or the one who strode with such manly endurance through *The Sun Also Rises*? Which O'Hara, which Welty, which Cheever, which Updike? Admirers of a given writer will usually extol the novels; praising short stories can be a subtle form of denigration.

Under such difficult conditions, Author Bernard Malamud, 69, has been racing himself for a long time. In 31 years he has published seven novels, including *The Natural* (1952) and *The Fixer* (1966), interspersed with four volumes of short fiction. *The Stories of Bernard Malamud* includes 23 pieces selected by the author from these past assemblages, plus two previously uncollected stories. The book not only offers substantial evidence that Malamud's stories are better than his novels; it makes the distinction seem irrelevant. In sufficient concentration, small objects achieve critical mass, enough fast victories add up to a triumphant long haul.


NANCY CRAMPTON

Bernard Malamud: relishing cranks and eccentrics

Malamud's world reveals itself bit by bit: a place of stony certainties and infrangible laws, brightened occasionally by enclaves of unexpected magic. Those who live here are predominantly poor, oppressed by hard work. Most are men without women. More than half the heroes in these stories are bachelors or widowers. There are also a few male characters for whom marital status hardly matters: a talking horse named Abramowitz, a bedraggled black bird who claims he is Jewish and calls himself Schwartz. The main character in a story called *The Model* speaks for most of Malamud's men: "Is there nothing more to my life than it is now? Is this all that is left to me?"

These people must bear Old Testament burdens, punished not just by life but by the suspicion that they somehow deserve all the troubles heaped upon them. In *The Mourners*, a sick old man faces eviction from his fifth-floor tenement room. He sits huddled on his floor: "How, in so short a life, could a man do so much wrong?" Advancing years do not bring with them the comforts and support of progeny: there are enough ungrateful daughters here to stock several road companies of *King Lear*, and sons are equally unfeeling.

The only children who do not ignore or turn on their fathers are retarded. In *The Silver Crown*, a rabbi explains his obese, mentally handicapped daughter: "She's not perfect, though God, who made her in His image, is Himself perfection. What this means I don't have to tell you." In *Idiots First*, Mendel has been approached by Ginzburg, a messenger of death, and warned that his life expires at midnight. Mendel must somehow raise the train fare to send his son Isaac, who is 39 and unable to care for himself, to an uncle in California. He succeeds, and the fierceness of his determination frightens even death himself. The father delivers his son: "He waited on the platform until the train began slowly to move. Isaac sat at the edge of his seat, his face strained in the direction of his journey. When the train was gone, Mendel ascended the stairs to see what had become of Ginzburg."

This is one of the handful of happy endings in Malamud's stories. Yet all the tales radiate a joy that has nothing to do with consequences. The author consistently portrays a kind of heroism devoid of self-consciousness or sentimentality. Convinced that their fates have already been determined, characters go on stubbornly behaving as if their actions mattered. The grocer in *The Cost of Living* knows that the supermarket moving in next door will destroy the 27 years that he has put into his business. He tries to compete and is wiped out within seven months. Although he takes no consolation from the fact, he has, at least, not gone gently into that bad night.

Suicide? "Don't ever think of it," says a character in *The German Refugee*, "it's total defeat." The person who receives this warning eventually does take his own life. Malamud is probably the most severe writer of his generation, a trait that may explain why his work has been extensively admired but less widely loved. Still, the gathering of these stories reveals a gentleness in Malamud's art that was not always clear before. He admires the sheer cussedness of his characters, their backs to the wall, squabbling in the maw of annihilation. He relishes the cranks and eccentrics who, destined to suffer and die, still insist on making noise in a vast, indifferent universe. Mendel, grappling with his fate, screams, "You bastard, don't you understand what it means human?" This book offers 25 vivid and unforgettable answers. —*By Paul Gray*

Excerpt

"Manischevitz was profoundly disappointed at the return of his active pain and suffering. He had hoped for a longer interval of easement, long enough to have a thought other than of himself and his troubles. Day by day, minute after minute, he lived in pain, pain his only memory, questioning the necessity of it, inveighing, though with affection, against God. Why *so much*, Gottenyu? If He wanted to teach His servant a lesson for some reason, some cause—the nature of His nature—to teach him, say, for reasons of his weakness, his pride, perhaps, during his years of prosperity, his frequent neglect of God—to give him a little lesson, why then any of the tragedies that had happened to him, any *one* would have sufficed to chasten him. But *all together*—the loss of both his children, his means of livelihood, Fanny's health and his—that was too much to ask one frail-boned man to endure. Who, after all, was Manischevitz that he had been given so much to suffer?"

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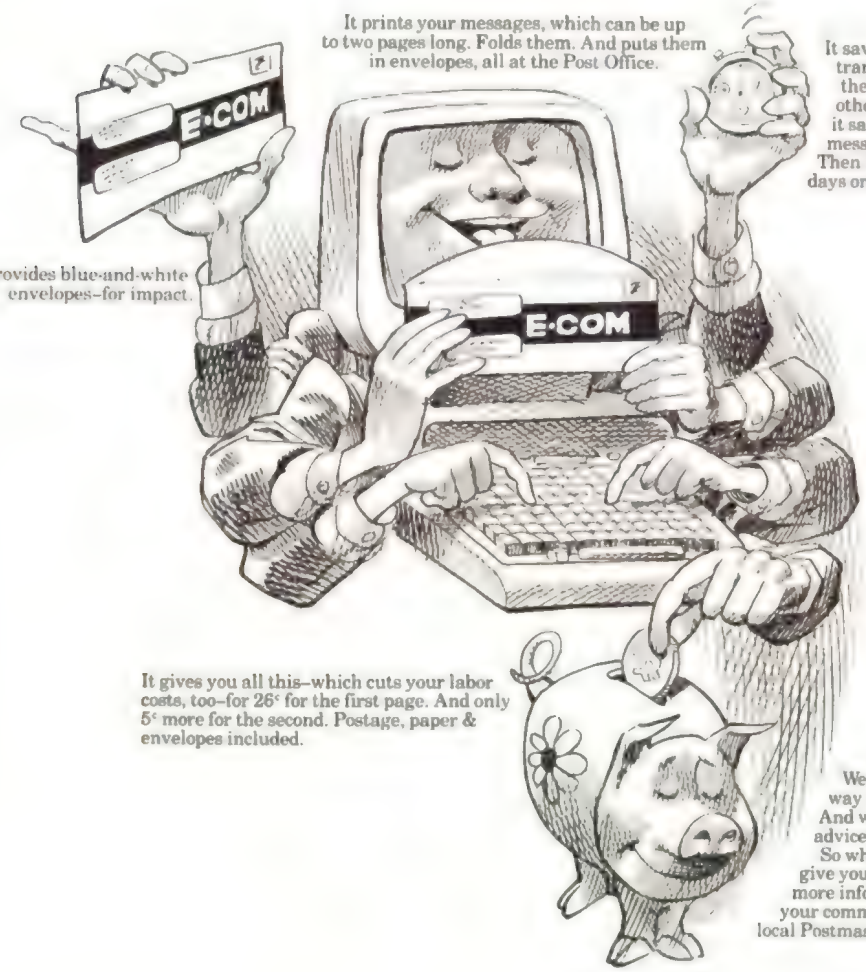

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Brothers and Masters

THE PENITENT
by Isaac Bashevis Singer
Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 170 pages; $13.95

THE BROTHERS SINGER
by Clive Sinclair
Allison & Busby; 176 pages; $14.95

For most of this century, Isaac Bashevis Singer has spoken for a great and ancient minority: demons. In his fiction, they install themselves in mirrors to afflict women with vanity, render bride-

Isaac Bashevis and Israel Joshua Singer

grooms impotent on wedding nights, knock over Sabbath candles, spill poor men's dinners. "The demons," he says, "represent to me, in a sense, the ways of the world. Instead of saying this is the way things happen, I will say this is the way demons behave."

Evidently the imps are powerful enough to influence even a Nobel laureate. Hence the strange ambivalence of *The Penitent*. This "new" novel was first published in 1973. It exhibits Singer's narrative mastery, but none of his compassion; it offers only one character, Joseph Shapiro, and he is so acrimonious that in an afterword, Singer disavows his own creation: "While I was brought up among extremists who thought and felt like that angry man . . . I cannot agree with him."

Few can. Shapiro is afflicted with a temperament suited less to a religious zealot than to a retrograde cab driver. In Jerusalem, the bitter, aging monologuist recalls his days in America. There, "as in Sodom, the perpetrator went free and the witness rotted in jail. And all this was done in the name of liberalism." Argues Shapiro: "When a man sleeps with a modern woman, he actually gets into bed with all her lovers. That's why there are so many homosexuals today."

Shapiro's screed is occasionally diverted by memories of adulteries past ("Sin, too, requires time"), but his principal obsessions are the idols of contemporary society: novels, psychiatry, sociology, pornography, politics, and worldliness in general. In his view, humanity's chance for redemption lies in unquestioning faith. That alone can reconcile the hopes of humanity and the violence of history. Shapiro takes a circuitous route to arrive at Dante's dictum: "In his will is our peace."

As in the past, Singer fuses two styles: the fabulist confined to his shtetl and the modernist who regards the universe as a stark and enigmatic combat zone. If Joseph Shapiro is disagreeable, he is never less than credible; once again the author displays a talent for mimicry that has previously allowed him to imitate Satan, fools, saints and, on one occasion, a rooster. True, his gift has been squandered on a man with no redeeming features, but for once Singer is not out to charm his readers. He and his penitent seem content to prove the old Yiddish proverb "Going backward is still a form of travel."

In his double biography, *The Brothers Singer*, British Writer Clive Sinclair traces that journey back to Poland, where Singer was born in 1904. If a writer's capital is his childhood, Singer is a literary Rothschild, still retailing anecdotes he heard swirling through the streets of Bilgoray and Lublin. Many stories contain transsexual themes—oblique references to his mother and father; Isaac's older brother, Novelist Israel Joshua Singer *(The Brothers Ashkenazi)*, called his parents' marriage "a tragedy, due to the fact that fate transposed genders in heaven." His father, a rabbi, was "soft," his wife was "sharp"; he was "more a creature of the heart than of intellect," she was "totally devoted to reason and logic."

That tension is apparent in the familial novels of Israel and the hypnotic fables of Isaac. The younger man's stories of supernatural powers arise from the days when he was a God-haunted youth alternately studying sacred works and trembling at the revelations of Dostoyevsky: "I suffered deep crises, was subject to hallucinations. My dreams were filled with demons, ghosts, devils, corpses." His fascination with the secular began with his brother's apostasy. Recalled Israel: "I could gather more from one person than from a thousand holy books. I fled from these books and slaked my thirst for life among . . . the common people whose lives seemed so round and complete."

The older boy became a total skeptic, exaggerating his mother's tendencies; Isaac rebelled against rebellion, ransacking "the spiritual treasure trove" of religious belief. As Sinclair observes, Isaac the daydreamer "gloried in the aristocracy of his imagination." His sibling "observed the world as a political machine."

Poland and, eventually, Europe could

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Books

not hold Israel. He fled to America, where he became one of the most outspoken of the early anti-Stalinist writers. A short while later, he sent for his brother, thus saving him from certain annihilation in the Holocaust. But he could not forestall tragedy. Early in 1944, Israel died of a heart attack in New York City. It was, his younger brother remembers, "the greatest misfortune of my entire life. He was my father, my teacher. I never really recovered from this blow."

Indeed, in *The Penitent* he still refers to Israel as "my late brother and master." Sinclair's luminous little volume is hardly the definitive study of the brothers Singer, but in its examination of sources it shows why Isaac has earned the title he once bestowed on another character: the magician of Lublin. Writing in Yiddish, using the demonic forces of art and recollection, he has kept his brother's memory alive, raised a ruined city, given the power of speech to a vanished people and revived an ailing language. Is it any wonder that at the age of 79, he still believes in miracles? —*By Stefan Kanfer*

True Vocation

THIS MAN AND MUSIC
by Anthony Burgess
McGraw-Hill; 192 pages; $14.95

Told by a doctor at the age of 43 that he had a year to live, Anthony Burgess greeted the news by taking up a literary career. He turned out five books in one year, hoping that the royalties might make a legacy for his wife. Now, 23 years and some 40 books later, the author of *A Clockwork Orange* and *Earthly Powers* still regards writing as an "unwanted" gift, an "enforced vocation."

His true vocation, he says, is the one he has aspired to ever since adolescence, when he sat transfixed by a BBC radio broadcast of Debussy's *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune*: composing. With little outside encouragement, young Burgess taught himself music, beginning with the piano keyboard. "Find middle C," he maintains, "and you have found everything." At 20 he had written his first symphony. By the time of his erroneous death sentence he had, while supporting himself as a teacher, produced a catalogue of 65 mostly unplayed works

Burgess

In *This Man and Music*, Burgess sets out to see what his two arts have to say to each other. Music, of course, does not "say" anything: its content is tension and release. It communicates, but mysteriously, as "a semiotic organization." When the symphonic tone poems of Berlioz and Strauss try to incorporate narrative and character, the novelist in Burgess protests.

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Literature that yearns toward the condition of music provides a more promising line of inquiry. Burgess explores lyric verse, the sprung rhythms of Gerard Manley Hopkins, the verbal polyphony of James Joyce. He envisions quasimusical novels built on principles of "structuralism, a liberation from marketplace meanings," and offers two of his own, *M/F* and *Napoleon Symphony*, as exhibits.

The going gets technical at times. Burgess assumes, for example, that most of his readers will recognize the "mystic chord" of Scriabin when they see it on a staff. But he writes with his usual quirky vigor and never loses sight of the quotidian world in which mystic chords get written: glossing one of his own scores, he recalls such details of its composition as "a particular face on television, a stab of heartburn, the cat licking my toes." Those who persist through the occasional thickets of crotchets and quavers will find in this little book the middle C of Anthony Burgess. ***—By Christopher Porterfield***

Editors' Choice

FICTION: The Cannibal Galaxy. *Cynthia Ozick* • Cathedral. *Raymond Carver* • Fools of Fortune. *William Trevor* • The Name of the Rose. *Umberto Eco* • Slouching Towards Kalamazoo. *Peter De Vries* Some Tame Gazelle. *Barbara Pym*

NONFICTION: Andropov. *Zhores A Medvedev* • Eisenhower. *Stephen E. Ambrose* • Fatal Vision. *Joe McGinniss* • Gorillas in the Mist. *Dian Fossey* • Madame de Sévigné. *Frances Mossiker* • The Rosenberg File. *Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Poland. *Michener (1 last week)*
2. Changes. *Steel (2)*
3. Hollywood Wives. *Collins (3)*
4. The Name of the Rose. *Eco (6)*
5. Christine. *King (5)*
6. Who Killed the Robins Family?. *Adler and Chastain (4)*
7. Monimbo. *Moss and De Borchgrave (9)*
8. August. *Rossner (7)*
9. The Little Drummer Girl. *Le Carré (10)*
10. The Seduction of Peter S.. *Sanders (8)*

NONFICTION

1. In Search of Excellence. *Peters and Waterman (1)*
2. The One Minute Manager. *Blanchard and Johnson (3)*
3. Fatal Vision. *McGinniss*
4. On Wings of Eagles. *Follett (2)*
5. Motherhood. *Bombeck (6)*
6. The Body Principal. *Principal*
7. Megatrends. *Naisbitt (5)*
8. Creating Wealth. *Allen (4)*
9. The Best of James Herriot. *Herriot (7)*
10. Seeds of Greatness. *Waitley (8)*

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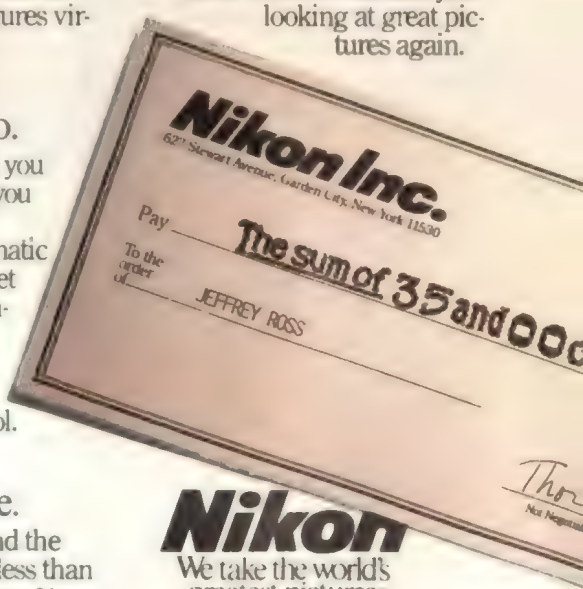

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A Prize as Good as Golding

A new Nobel laureate raises hackles and questions

Q. Name three authors worthy of the Nobel Prize for Literature whose last names start with the letter G.

A. Nadine Gordimer. Günter Grass. Graham Greene.

Right, but still incorrect. With traditional quirkiness, the Swedish Academy last week bestowed the Nobel laurel (and approximately $193,000) on English Novelist William Golding. The decision dumbfounded nearly everybody and drove one of the 18 academy members into an unprecedented public complaint. Artur Lundkvist, 77, called the selection of Golding a "coup" and described the new laureate as "decent but hardly in the Nobel Prize class." Lars Gyllensten, permanent secretary of the academy, countered this objection by saying Lundkvist has "the soul of a magpie" and then announced, a day later, that the maverick "has beaten a retreat and acknowledged that Golding is worthy of the prize."

Others may not be so quickly convinced. The academy's lengthy statement explaining its choice notes that Golding's books "can be read with pleasure and profit without the need to make much effort with learning or acumen." The trouble with this statement is that it is both true and something less than a ringing endorsement for the world's most prestigious literary honor.

Golding, 72, should have been spared both the Nobel Prize and the controversy surrounding its unexpected arrival. An amiable, modest man, he once noted that "my books have been written out of a kind of delayed adolescence." The self-evaluation is astute, for the readers who have responded most enthusiastically to his work have been succeeding generations of adolescents.

His father was a schoolteacher, his mother a suffragist, and the Cornish village of his childhood comfortable and insular. His parents wanted him to become a scientist, but after two years at Oxford he decided to study English literature instead. After graduation he held a succession of temporary jobs, including one with a provincial theater company, published a volume of poems when he was 23, and enlisted in the Royal Navy at the onset of World War II. In his early 30s, Golding came of age. "One had one's nose rubbed in the human condition," he recalls. He witnessed the sinking of the *Bismarck*, took part in the Normandy invasion and decided that the human race was inherently evil.

This revelation, added to postwar years of teaching, produced *Lord of the Flies* (1954), a taut parable about a group of English schoolboys who are deposited for safekeeping on a coral island while their elders wage nuclear war. Slowly but inexorably, they revert to savagery. "The theme," Golding explained, "is an attempt to trace the defects of society back to the defects of human nature." The book sold modestly in both England and the U.S. (2,383 copies), but a paperback reprint issued in 1959 hit pay dirt. It became the desired and then the required reading for millions of high school and college students.

The winner: a master of textbook despair

Excerpt

"Here, struck down by the heat, the sow fell and the hunters hurled themselves at her. This dreadful eruption from an unknown world made her frantic; she squealed and bucked and the air was full of sweat and noise and blood and terror. Roger ran around the heap, prodding with his spear whenever pigflesh appeared. Jack was on top of the sow, stabbing downward with his knife. Roger found a lodgment for his point and began to push till he was leaning with his whole weight. The spear moved forward inch by inch, and the terrified squealing became a high-pitched scream. Then Jack found the throat and the hot blood spouted over his hands. The sow collapsed under them and they were heavy and fulfilled upon her. The butterflies still danced, preoccupied in the center of the clearing."

LORD OF THE FLIES

The novel's continuing popularity (it has now sold more than 7 million copies) can easily be explained. Its follow-the-dots symbolism is eminently teachable ("The breaking of a pair of eyeglasses means . . ."), and the heavily underscored message of inescapable depravity is attractive to those who want no responsibility for the state of the world. According to the Swedish Academy, "Golding inveighs against those who think it is the political or other systems that create evil. Evil springs from the depth of man himself—it is the wickedness in human beings that creates the evil systems or that changes what from the beginning is, or could be, good into something iniquitous and destructive."

This point does not seem to need belaboring, yet the eight novels that Golding wrote after *Lord of the Flies* relentlessly do so, in frequently venturesome ways. Neanderthals are exterminated by a rapacious new breed of creatures called Homo sapiens (*The Inheritors*); a shipwrecked survivor clings to a rock in the Atlantic Ocean, wondering (along with the reader) whether he is alive or dead and recalling his wickedness on dry land (*Pincher Martin*); a towering religious structure is erected on a foundation of slime (*The Spire*).

The common thread running through all this is a sort of dormitory determinism: we are poor little goats, born helpless and nasty into a world we never made, and we can only do what we were destined to do. Golding's earnestness in portraying this feral landscape is obvious on every page of his books. But the highest art is achieved through surprise, the intimation of a pattern established and then inspiringly broken, the fusion of particulars creating a light in which the familiar looks prophetic. Against such possibilities, Golding must be judged on his accomplishments and pronounced a master of textbook despair.

It is no secret that the Swedish Academy's decisions have often been slanted toward geopolitical rather than literary concerns. This hedge against Western hegemony proved instructive; every so often the world had to confront an unknown writer of an obscure tongue. But the award to Golding, a comfortable Englishman with no extreme political opinions, must give pause even to the staunchest defenders of the Nobel experiment. Can those charged with making the awards tell quality when they see it? Golding is fine, to be sure, but not before Gordimer, Grass and Greene. And, in alphabetical order, not before Kobo Abe, Jorge Luis Borges, Italo Calvino . . . —*By Paul Gray*

Cendrillon Becomes Cinderella

Subtitling a fairy tale at the New York City Opera

In May 1982, Beverly Sills was the honored guest at the Peking Opera. She found the music entrancing, the setting beguiling—and the opera incomprehensible. So did many Chinese in the audience. Therein lay the seeds of a revolution: the libretto was flashed on a screen at the side of the stage for the benefit of those in the audience who might not grasp every nuance of archaic Mandarin. Sills resolved to take a cue from what she witnessed. The idea was reinforced when the Canadian Opera in Toronto pioneered the use of English captions in its productions of Richard Strauss's *Elektra* and Claudio Monteverdi's *L'Incoronazione di Poppea*.

In the first act of *Cendrillon*, the fairy godmother arranges for the heroine's gala send-off

Even Cinderella thought the captions made the audience more responsive.

Last month the New York City Opera became the first major company in the U.S. to subtitle a live opera performance. For the experiment, General Director Sills chose Jules Massenet's *Cendrillon*, a rarely performed, exquisitely frothy turn-of-the-century version of the Cinderella tale. The English subtitles, selectively translated from the French libretto, were projected on a dark, 6-ft. by 47-ft. screen unobtrusively suspended below the theater's proscenium arch. Members of the audience could either ignore the running titles or read along as the action unfolded onstage.

The opera management, the performers and much of the audience regarded the experiment as a triumph. "It's one of the most revolutionary innovations to come into the opera house," exulted Sills, who has long strived to make opera less of an elitist entertainment. "I think we should eliminate as many barriers as possible to opera. With subtitles, you can have opera in the language the composer wrote it in and relax, instead of straining to understand the words."

Cendrillon's star, Soprano Faith Esham, found that captions made the audience more responsive to her singing. "Listeners get both the jokes and the sentiment," she observed. "For example, in the first act, when Cinderella's father, stepmother and stepsisters leave her to go to the ball, the audience understands with the translation that Cinderella is not just feeling sorry for herself: it is a poignant and reflective moment for her." Esham is not afraid the subtitles will draw attention away from her artistry: "I just sing louder."

Members of the audience who answered a New York City Opera questionnaire were overwhelmingly in favor of the subtitles. A sampling of operagoers interviewed by TIME during the first two weeks of *Cendrillon* performances had scarcely any complaints. Opera Buff Milicent Auerbach conceded that continually looking up at the titles and down at the stage could give someone seated in the orchestra a pain in the neck. "The words being sung and the subtitles didn't always coincide," noted Brooklyn College Professor Carolyn Richmond. "But the captions were very helpful. Even though I understand French, I wouldn't have grasped a lot of what was being sung without them." Cyril Harris, who designed the acoustics for New York City's Avery Fisher Hall, was also impressed. Harris, a stickler for concert-hall perfection, said, "I thought the captions would be distracting, but they weren't."

The fact that subtitling of live opera is being tried out in New York City came as no surprise to Daniel Toscan du Plantier, Europe's top producer of opera on film. Said he: "Since opera in America is among the world's stuffiest and most resistant to change, it's clear that something radical has to be done to reach new audiences. People are now demanding to follow the story more closely. The success of an opera is linked to the story as much as it is to the music." Still, many fans prefer to hear opera sung in English translation. Andrew Porter, who has rendered 27 operas into English, including all of Mozart's and the entire *Ring* cycle of Wagner, said, "On the whole, it often makes better sense for an American cast to sing to an American audience in the language they have in common." Nonetheless, Porter found the New York City Opera captions helpful. "American audiences shouldn't have English all the time; what you gain in being intelligible you often lose in musical sounds." Porter cited his translation of *Tristan and Isolde*. "Because of the heavy orchestration of the work, it was hard to understand the opera in English," he recalled. "In fact, I wondered why I had translated it at all."

The success of New York City Opera's bilingual *Cendrillon* has encouraged Sills to subtitle all of the company's foreign-language operas next season, including *The Barber of Seville*, *Rigoletto*, *Madame Butterfly*, *La Bohème* and *Turandot*. Last week the San Francisco Opera began using titles on an experimental basis. Next season the Houston Grand Opera plans to adopt the new system.

But are the older, tradition-bound opera houses ready for subtitles? In France, Germany, Austria, Italy and Britain, the answer was resoundingly negative. When asked about providing captions at Rome's Opera House, its former superintendent, Roman Vlad, declared, "I have never heard of such a thing." But in New York City the management of one of the world's most traditional opera houses, the Metropolitan, was eyeing the larger, younger audience captioning is likely to attract. "I'm asking a lot of people to go see the subtitles at the New York City Opera," said Metropolitan General Manager Anthony Bliss, impressed by the Canadian Opera's captioned productions. "I have observed infinitely more understanding of opera with subtitling; even the most dyed-in-the-wool opera fan will admit he learned something." —**By Patricia Blake.**

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Essay

Why Reagan Is Funny and Watt Not

Then there's the one about the prisoners who were so familiar with the jokes told in the penitentiary that all they needed to do was call out the number of a particular knee-slapper to keep themselves in stitches. Offering a demonstration for a visitor, the warden called out 61-37-4. The prisoners howled and guffawed. "Now *you* try one," invited the warden. The visitor called out 53, then 89 and finally 2. No laughter, not a chuckle. The warden shrugged: "I guess it depends on how you tell it."

But seriously, folks: What *about* James Watt? Is it simply a matter of a fellow with poor comic delivery? That most recent remark, the one about the new coal-leasing review commission consisting of "a black, a woman, two Jews and a cripple." It nearly got Watt ousted a few weeks ago. It might yet. Why? Surely the substance of his remark is not taboo. In the right hands, with the right tone, a joke about the overexacting demands of affirmative action could result in genuine, harmless hilarity. But not with Watt. When he tells a joke, the prisoners start to riot.

In part this is due to Watt's choice of language—the word cripple in this instance, which has the sound of a flat slap in the face. Yet a few days after Watt's remark, in a bizarre protest demonstration in his defense, a man on crutches supported the usage, citing other contexts where "cripple" is benign. True enough. Former Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz forced himself out of the Ford Administration by telling a cruel and tasteless joke about "coloreds"; yet Dick Gregory could title his autobiography *Nigger*, and Flip Wilson won love and fortune by creating self-mocking black stereotypes. Context seems all, or much at any rate. One might imagine the comedy team of Butz and Watt barnstorming America hearing nary a titter in places where Amos 'n' Andy brought down the house.

Something more seems to lie behind Watt's spectacular comic failures, however. Something connected to Watt as a character and to the audience (*i.e.*, the citizenry) he haplessly addresses. His employer, after all, addresses the same audience quite successfully, except for the time he decided to endear himself to a group of professional women: "If it weren't for women, us men would be walking around in skin suits carrying clubs." Usually he does better. Unlike Watt, the President generally prefers humor to comedy, humor being the warmer and more companionable exercise. Comedy cuts off human feeling, humor thrives on it, especially on self-deprecation. "I know your organization was founded by six Washington newspaperwomen in 1919," the President told the Washington Press Club in 1981. Pausing like Jack Benny, he added: "It seems like only yesterday." Yet he uses comedy too. Once in New York he delivered a fine line at a ceremony involving the Westway highway project, apologizing to the crowd that James Watt would have been present had he not been on assignment strip mining the Rose Garden.

Now why should it be funny when the President, who hired and supports Watt, makes a joke about his man's shaky reputation, while Watt is, in his own terms, as funny as a crutch? Because Reagan understands the delicacy of what George Meredith called the comic spirit. He knows that comedy serves as "an interpretation of the general mind" and must be handled with a surgeon's control. The Rose Garden remark was a joke on himself, at no one's expense, including Watt's. Indeed, it extended to the realm of absurdity the public's complaints about the Secretary's policies, implying by reversal that the President would never let Watt get out of hand. In short, Reagan knows that comedy, dealt carefully, may serve as an intellectual weapon, and thus he uses it deliberately whenever he seeks to dispel a serious national worry.

John Kennedy too was adept at this technique, poking fun at his wealth, his Harvard education, even his Catholicism ("Now I understand why Henry the Eighth set up his own church"), in the knowledge that all these attributes were of sincere concern to some portion of the electorate. Taking Indian Prime Minister Nehru on a yacht ride, Kennedy pointed out the mansions of Newport, R.I.: "I wanted you to see how the average American family lives." Gerald Ford used to kid about the Secret Service earning "combat pay" when they accompanied him on a round of golf. Even Richard Nixon, who seems to have learned the sound of laughter by listening to recordings, managed the art of comic defusing from time to time. "I don't trust President Johnson," he once observed, about to refer to a source of his own embitterment, "because of the way he looks on television."

The processes of mind set in motion by such remarks are labyrinthine but uncomplicated. The teller of the joke, realizing that there are unfavorable assumptions about him, wishes, by saying something funny, to suggest that they are unimportant or untrue. A joke may seem a frail vehicle for issuing rebuttals of substance, but it can do the job a) if the teller knows when and how to tell it and, more fundamentally, b) if he feels a basic sympathy with his critics, that is, if he takes their objections seriously enough to make a joke about them. The joke, so employed, becomes a sign of respect, and the laughter it elicits springs from the audience's appreciation of being appreciated. But the laughter is also the laughter of relief, like a great loud sigh, because curled in that laughter lies the admission that perhaps their worries about Kennedy's wealth, Nixon's 5 o'clock shadow or Ford's clumsiness were silly, exaggerated or unfounded. Almost at once, he who was a source of fear becomes an object of affection.

When, on the other hand, a Watt makes jokes such as his latest, he becomes an object of contempt, because it is clear from his timing, context and formulation that he feels no sympathy whatever with the viewpoint of his critics nor with their having an opposing viewpoint. In truth, the wisecrack about the coal-leasing commission could have amused only those who see affirmative action as a wrong idea that is not funny, rather than as a right idea that may also be funny. One cannot know without inspecting the Interior Secretary's interior if he personally abhors minority representation in government, but the suspicion runs high because Watt derided not only his commissioners, but also those members of the public sufficiently generous to find both humor and value in a sensitive issue. The laughter he elicited—and there was laughter—was the hollow laugh, what Samuel Beckett called the "mirthless" laugh (in the novel *Watt*, coincidentally), the laugh that itself gives a slap in the face.

Mark Twain's wife once tried to cure her husband of violent swearing by repeating verbatim a long stream of curses he had just let fly. Twain looked at his wife condescendingly: "Honey, you know the words, but you don't know the tune." In a sense, that is true of Watt, although it is unclear that if he knew the tune he would choose to play it. Comedy unveils the soul, but dimly. Still, if Watt resigns this time, or next time, assuming there will be one, it will not be because he had a weak sense of humor but a weak sense of people. —***By Roger Rosenblatt***

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8 mg 5 mg 4 mg 5 mg 6 mg 7 mg

2 mg

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